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SHORT STORIES

A WEEKLY
MAGAZINE FOR HOME AND TRAIN

No. 595.

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 26TH, 1900.

[ONE PENNY.]

How's Your Liver?

So long as that long-suffering organ, the Liver, is working in a satisfactory manner, we are scarcely cognizant of its existence, but let it become deranged and we are soon made aware of its importance.

The Usual Symptoms of Sluggish or Disordered Liver are Constipation, Coated Tongue, Biliousness, and Nausea, particularly on rising in the morning. Severe frontal Headache, pain between the Shoulders, and feelings of faintness. The Appetite is poor, or altogether lost. The Temper is irritable, and there is often Palpitation, Sleeplessness, and Weakness, with Nervousness and Low Spirits, verging on Melancholy.

It is generally overlooked that much of the work of Digestion is done in the small Intestine *after* the Food leaves the Stomach, and in close working union with the Liver. Guy's Tonic has a particularly favourable influence upon this Intestinal Digestion. It stimulates the Liver and gall bladder to pour out a flow of Bile on to the Food, by which acidity is neutralised. Guy's Tonic also reinforces the strength of the pancreatic juice, by which all the bread and flour foods (known as Starch Foods) are converted into various forms of sugar, so that the Liver can then easily and finally transform such into the grape sugar which is so nourishing to our health and strength.

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DESIGN
NO. 256



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Design No. 257.

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SHORT STORIES

No. 595.]

For the Week Ending May 26th, 1900.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A HEARTY LITTLE EVENING.

THERE were two people sitting in the cosiest of arm-chairs in the cosiest of the Hyde Park Mansion flats. One was a girl of about twenty years and her companion about five years her senior.

Doris shook her fair little head.

"I don't think I'd care for it, dear," she said.

The younger girl made an impulsive movement. "Do, Doris, I am sure it will be great fun—and I should so love to go," she cried.

Doris looked at her, a little cold smile on her proud lips.

"Go, then," she replied.

"How can I? I'm not on the stage like you, and I can't go to supper by myself. Fancy if any of the dad's friends were to see me—why I should get killed."

"Of course, I forgot. Well, read me the letter again."

Fifi took up a sheet of paper and read.

"DEAR MISS STANDISH,—Couldn't you fix up an evening to have supper with Dick and myself after the show? We both come off early and if you would ask Miss Phillips to come with you, we would just be a quartette, and ought to have a hearty little evening."

"With kind regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"CLARENCE HERBERT."

"He doesn't want us—it's that Dick of yours that has made him write that," put in Miss Phillips.

Fifi blushed.

"Well, I daresay, but Mr. Herbert is very anxious to meet you; he told me so. He admired that portrait of you so much, that he said he thought you must be very beautiful."

Doris shook her head.

"Little flatterer, I don't believe a word of it; you made it up to gain your own ends. As a matter of fact I believe both Dick and Herbert are in love with you."

Fifi laughed.

She was charmingly pretty, of the dark, impulsive Southern type, and delighted in admiration, which she found unstintingly given her by every member of the stern sex. Among women her friends were few and far between. In fact she had often been heard to say she had but two who were really fond of her. One was the old cook at home and the other was Miss Doris Phillips, *All rights reserved.*

the cold, somewhat supercilious beauty, with whom she was at present staying.

"Say you'll go, Doris—there's a dear. I have never been out to supper in my life, and I am sure it will be fun."

"Very well," said her friend a trifle wearily, "I don't mind, I will endure the society of two strangers—both devoted to you—for a whole evening for your sake, but on your own head be it if one knifes me, while you devote your whole time to the other!"

Fifi rose and kissed the other girl.

"You're a good girl—I'm sure it will be ripping, we can go to the play first and then meet them after. I will write and tell him so."

"Yes do, and then come and tell me about Dick again. I have to drag out everything from you—you never tell me of your own accord."

There was no reply to this, save the scratch, scratch of a quill propelled at a great rate over a sheet of paper, accepting the invitation to supper and appointing the time.

"There! That will do. How do you spell Athenæum Theatre?"

"Let me see if you have done it right," and Doris held out her hand for the envelope.

"Good gracious, child, how have you put the stamp on? A stamp is intended to occupy the right hand top corner of the envelope and to stand upright, not balance on one edge in the centre of the letter!"

"Then I must write the address again. What a bother, it doesn't matter for him!"

"On the contrary, I daresay he thinks differently. These swell actors are very careful of everything."

"Well, I daresay you know best. There! I've done it again. That will do."

"Yes, that is better. Send Harriet to post it and then come and tell me about Dick."

Fifi rose and quitted the room, her long black dress sweeping round her slight graceful figure in becoming folds. Presently she returned and sat down by the fire.

"Now tell me!" said Doris, clasping her hands round her knees, and looking intently at the other.

Fifi looked at the fire, and smiled.

"There is nothing to tell. I met him at the Flower

Show, and then again at lunch that day when I was with Mr. Herbert. He likes me—I think."

"Think! you know he does."

"Well, yes, I know he does, and I like him too," and the speaker raised her beautiful brown eyes to her friend's face.

"H'm!" said Doris judicially. "That proves nothing. Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Doris, how brutal you are!" cried Fifi recoiling.

"Nonsense—I am matter of fact—I used to be romantic like you—once, but that is gone now."

"You talk as if you were fifty years old."

"I feel it. Go on now, has he asked you?"

"Not exactly—but he asked if I would like to marry an actor."

"And you said 'No,' of course?"

"I don't think I did."

"Fifi, how headstrong you are. Why you know nothing of the man at all. The next thing I shall hear is that you have married him at the registrar's."

"Well, what am I to do? Look at the home I live in: a mother with a temper that makes her scarcely human, a father who drinks—no future, no money!" And the great, eyes filled with tears.

"Poor child, it is awful, but it might be worse."

"It couldn't be worse!" she cried petulantly.

"You don't know if this Dick has any money."

"No, he told me he had nothing but what he made."

The listener's eyes hardened suddenly.

"Terrible! I know the sort. Fifi, it will never do. I have a presentiment that it would never do. How could you live when he was out of an engagement?"

"Well, I can go on the stage too, and work."

Doris smiled a little.

"I don't think, dear, you would make much at that."

You can't sing or dance, you have never been taught even to speak properly—no, I am afraid it is not much good looking at, that!"

"Of course you look on the dark side of things—you make enough on the stage. Look at the clothes you wear; look at the flat you live in—I could surely make half as much as you—and that would satisfy me."

But Doris shook her head dubiously.

"Then to crown it all—I love him!"

The truth was out at last.

Doris looked at the flushed and beautifully passionate face:

"Don't say that," she said gently.

"It is true—I love him, love him. And all the world may know it! I don't care if he hasn't a penny in the world. He told me he loved me the other night at Earl's Court, and I love him too!"

The other's refined lips curled ever so slightly in a half-pitying, half-contemptuous manner.

"And he is twenty years older than you?"

"More than that."

"Good gracious, an actor over forty without a penny! Is he a widower, or perhaps he has a wife or two living?"

"How dare you insinuate such things of my Dick! He is the soul of honour," cried Fifi, flashing to her feet and panting with indignation.

"Sit down, sit down," said the other calmly.

"What a fiery little temper it has to be sure. The time has come, I can see, when I must tell you something, which I hoped never to tell anyone. Years ago, when I was only sixteen, I went on the stage, as you know. I was very pretty, of a demure and sedate type of beauty which attracted attention inasmuch as it showed out such a contrast in a burlesque of rosy-cheeked laughing boys and girls. I never painted my face as the others did, nor curled my hair in every elaborate style. I used just enough colour so that I did not look worn and ill under the bright lights, and I never ogled and smirked on the stage. To me it was an absorbing pursuit. Of course this had an unexpected result. Every town we visited, increased my swelling list of devoted admirers. Presents poured upon me, and flowers filled my rooms wherever I went. When the address came with a gift it was always returned, but many were sent anonymously. But I never wore them. Sometimes I went out with the other girls, but only when I discovered it was to the best place in the town, not any sort of supper ever saw me, and then I was always as cold and distant as possible. But nothing seemed to matter. The ruder I behaved, the more they seemed infatuated. I suppose it was a change to them after the fawning adoration lavished upon them by every other girl. For they were the men in the best circles only mind. At last, however, fate decreed that I should meet my match."



"Let me see if you have done it right."

"It was at Woolwich, and he was an officer quartered there. From your description he was much the same type of man as Dick St. Ledger. Tall, clean shaven, with a heavy, rather sensuous face, but such manners! Such grace and winning ways that I will swear no woman could ever hold out against for long.

"I treated him as I had the others, but my scathing words and cold remarks seemed to have no effect on him. He came up brighter than before after each rebuff. You can guess the sequel?"

"You married him?" said Fifi breathlessly.

"Yes, I married him! Of course he resigned his commission. The ladies of his regiment would not receive a burlesque actress. Then his family out him. His father disinherited him and his mother wrote him an awful letter, saying he had brought the family to disgrace and it would kill her! She died less than six months afterwards.

"Then he got the secretaryship of a club. It leaked out to whom he was married; the members began to run after me (most of them had been admirers of mine in the old days); there was a scandal, because my husband was very jealous and thrashed a man in the club because he spoke of me. Then he had to leave the place. After that, one thing after another went wrong. Archibald—that was his name, took to gambling and his ill-luck was phenomenal. First his money went, then mine, then my jewels, then our home, and when the baby came there was nothing to clothe him with. We did not live together after this for long. He told me once I was the cause of his downfall. I dare say he was right, but it was a terrible thing to say to one so proud as I. So I left him and went back to my profession, where I have been ever since.

"So you see matrimony with someone you know nothing about did not turn out a bed of roses for me, dear, and, I fear for you, my own experience has been so bad."

"And where is he now?" asked Fifi.

"Dead. I read his death in the papers about two years ago. He went utterly to the bad after I left him; I believe he became one of a gang of thieves or something terrible. Anyway, he disgraced himself absolutely. The police were after him when he died. They told me he died in a wretched lodging in Birmingham, but I never found where they buried him. It seemed so terrible that a gentleman should come to such an end as that. He was co-respondent in two divorce cases also, *en passant*," she added, with a short, hard laugh.

"What a good thing he is dead."

"Yes, I suppose it is. His solicitors wrote to me saying his family would allow me £300 a year as long as I remained unmarried."

"You won't want that long now, will you? If Sir Everett Miller marries you, you will have thousands."

"Yes, we shall be married at Christmas. I suppose I shall have to have him. He is very good to me, but I am doubtful of the issue both for myself and you."

Fifi poked the fire.

"Dick isn't like that. He is older too, much older, his hair is quite thin on the top."

"That proves nothing dear, the older the worse sometimes; but I will see him myself to-morrow and then tell you what I think of your Dick."

* * * * *

Fifi was dressed first the next night and stood before the long glass in the little drawing room fastening two crimson roses in her hair.

Her dress was very becoming to her slight figure, and

the flush of excitement on her charming face made her more beautiful than before.

Doris, coming in silently, stood and admired the girl. She was dressed in some soft flame-coloured silk trimmed with black and fashioned after some design of the wearer's own. In fact, Fifi had made the dress herself, and it suited her perfectly (not excelled even by the sweeping draperies of Doris, from one of the leading Bond Street houses), from her bare white shoulders to the tips of her embroidered shoes.



She led the way downstairs.

"Come, Fifi, if you are done admiring yourself, let me put on your cloak, and we will go."

The other turned to receive the white fluffy mantle, an exclamation of delight breaking from her at sight of Doris.

"How beautiful you look—and what a lovely belt that is!"

"Yes, do you know, I have not worn it for ages. Archibald gave it me on my honeymoon. He designed it and had it made. You see, each link is a gold snake, holding a diamond in its mouth." And, muffling herself up to her proud little chin in her velvet cloak, she led the way downstairs.

They went to the Haymarket Theatre. The piece, was

of the modern order of plays that vaguely bored the blasé and left an unpleasant taste in the minds of the younger members of the audience.

At last the curtain fell, and they went down in the vestibule.

Standing with his back to the door was a tall, slight, and very fair man. His face was not handsome, far from it, but it was a clever and a powerful face. The face undoubtedly of an actor, and a good one.

Fifi gave her companion's arm a little pinch.

"There is Mr. Herbert, but Dick isn't there!" she said.

A moment after the tall actor had joined them.

"I must apologise for St. Ledger," he said, "but he had to go round to the club just on business, so I will take you two ladies round to Cupid's and he will join us."

So stepping into Doris's brougham they drove away.

Fifi was overflowing with delightful (if somewhat vague) anticipations, and even Doris unbent a little from her usual cold attitude and chatted with the peppery young actor who seemed determined that the coachman did not know the way and would not be told.

However, a short time after and they were comfortably ensconced at a table holding four.

"It is hard work for you to have to amuse two of us, Mr. Herbert," said Doris as she drew off her gloves.

The young man bowed. "I consider myself the most honoured of all men, to have at my table two women that half London would give their ears to speak to."

Fifi opened her brown eyes wide.

"Doris perhaps, but nobody knows me," she said.

"Beauty is never unknown," he replied in a low voice, then, turning to the waiter, he said with a quick change of tone:

"Are we to have nothing to eat at all to-night?"

That functionary fled precipitately and returned a moment after, balancing various plates in his hands. He handed Fifi her soup and then came round to do

the same to Miss Phillips. But his unlucky star was in the ascendant for he tripped and deposited the entire plate of fragrant fluid on Doris's dress!

That lady was less discomposed than one might have expected, but she rose.

"Don't mind my going into the cloak-room, please; I dare say the woman in charge will be able to do something for me. I can't sit all the evening with pieces of vegetable sticking on me. Go on with supper please, I shan't be long," and she rustled away, the penitent waiter in abject attendance.

Fifi and Herbert, left alone, got on wonderfully. The young actor admired the striking beauty and naïve manners of his companion, and forgot for the moment the fact that he had a wife—somewhere, who was doubtless awaiting his return.

Suddenly there was a stir at the door, and a moment after, Dick St. Ledger made his way to the table.

"What, all alone? How abominable!" he said as he shook hands.

"Why abominable?" asked Fifi, looking at him with her great penetrating eyes.

"Don't glare at me like that, you make me nervous. I mean abominable, because we are three, and that will be slow for Herbert!"

The latter laughed.

"My *vis-a-vis* has met with an accident to her dress. The confounded waiter upset the soup over her," he said.

Dick turned, showing a murderous scowl on his handsome face.

"Where is the man that did it!" he said.

"Dead I should think. First Mr. Herbert swearing at him and now you scowling after him, I should think it was enough for the poor man!" cried Fifi.

"Not to mention the cold, awful look that Miss Phillips gave him, as she rose from the table," put in Herbert.

"Is your friend cold?" demanded St. Ledger.

"Yes, rather; at least some people think so. She is a Londoner and they are not impulsive you know."

St. Ledger dropped his fork.

"How disappointed I am! I was told I should meet some warm, passionate, half Spanish beauty!"

Fifi gave him another look from under her dark brows.

"Who told you that?" she demanded.

"Goodness knows! I forget everything when you glare at me with those eyes of yours," he murmured in reply.

"Don't keep saying that, I glare at everyone!"

"Ripping—and I like it! Waiter, the salt," he said plaintively.

"Your friend is gone a long time," said Herbert, more for the sake of saying something.

"Well, it was a good deal of soup; I expect they are washing the skirt," replied Fifi easily. Let it be said she was quite happy (and not anxious about the fate of either Doris or her gown).

The nearness of St. Ledger was enough, and the glance he gave

"It is hard work for you to have to amuse two of us, Mr. Herbert," said Doris.



her from his dark eyes, now and again, told her the intoxicating secret that so many girls have been told before. The future she declined to look at; the past she closed the page upon; the present, the rose-coloured palpitating present, was all she cared about.

Herbert began to have an uncomfortable feeling that he was the third party, and it bored him a little, especially when St. Ledger and Fifi entered into a quiet *tête-à-tête*, the subject of which was easy to guess with one glance at the man's eager, and the girl's smiling face. The actor was just making up his mind to fall upon the unhappy waiter when Doris reappeared seemingly little the worse for the accident.

She glanced at the back of Dick's head, and then at Herbert, and smiled.

"When he is disengaged I want to introduce him to you," he said.

"Don't hurry, thanks. The back of his head seems quite familiar to me. Somehow I fancy I have met him before."

"Hardly. He is American, and up to a few months ago has always acted there. He has never played in London before—ah, St. Ledger, let me present you to Miss Doris Phillips, the lady of the gown!" as the other turned to fill his glass.

Dick bowed mechanically, and then raised his eyes to Doris's face.

His own became instantly livid! With a choking sound as of one trying to speak and not able, he put down his glass and rose from his seat, striding rapidly to the door.

Doris, on her part, was no less agitated. Her face became white and her eyes dilated as if she saw something that fascinated her with horror. Such a look as one might give to one risen from the dead.

Herbert rose in alarm and hurried after his friend.

"What on earth is the matter, St. Ledger? Are you ill?" he cried.

"No," said the other hoarsely as he went out. "But I can't stop. That woman at the table is my wife!"

"Gracious! I never knew you were married."

"I thought she was dead. I wish she were. Had I had any

doubt about it, the belt she is wearing would have put me straight. I gave it her myself!"

"And what about Fifi?" The question rose to his lips involuntarily.

"Fifi, be hanged—what about the others!"

ERROLL STANHOPE.



He put down his glass and rose from his seat.





It was Derby day. The vast station at Waterloo was not large enough to contain the crowd who jostled each other in their attempts to reach their trains.

I am not a sporting man myself and had forgotten that it was likely to be a horrid day for travelling when I had accepted an invitation to spend a few hours at Hampton Court. However, by dint of a judicious half crown to one of the officials, I presently found myself out of the bustling throng and comfortably ensconced in a first-class carriage.

My attention was attracted by a number of smartly dressed persons evidently belonging to one party. They paused close by the compartment I was in and I could hear disjointed scraps of their conversation. From this, I gathered that they were going "racing."

Presently a young man joined them who was well-known to me, being the son of one of my oldest friends. He was a fine looking boy of about twenty-three but with a careworn expression on his handsome face which ill-befitted his years.

After exchanging greetings with his friends, with whom he seemed immensely popular, he drew a girl aside. The action brought them still nearer to me. Though unacquainted with Miss Bowen, I knew her well by sight. She was the daughter of a rich financier, a man of narrow views but intensely honourable and upright, universally respected by all who knew him. He was well-known for his special dislike to all forms of gambling, and had on more than one occasion inveighed in public against racing; not, he was always careful to explain against racing itself, but because of the ruin it so often brought in its wake.

I was a little astonished therefore to see his daughter on her way to the Derby, even under such excellent chaperonage as Lady Dunbarton, who was evidently the head of the party.

The young couple did not seem to notice me, and without wishing to listen to what I was not meant to hear I could not help doing so.

"I wanted to see you a minute alone," the boy said hurriedly, "because I had a talk with the pater last night about my debts. He told me nothing could induce him to help me again, because he will not believe in my promise neither to touch cards or bet in the future if he would pay up this time."

"Oh, Guy, what shall we do then? My father won't sanction our engagement till you can honestly say you are free from debt."

"Darling, that is what I wanted to see you about," the boy said eagerly. "I have had an awfully straight tip from a fellow this morning, and I can get some money on a good thing at long odds. If it wins I shall be clear, and I will never make another bet or touch a card again. If I fail, Beryl, I don't know what I shall do—probably clear out of the country!" and he laughed rather hoarsely.

"Are you quite sure that your father won't change his mind, those good things have been known to fail so often. They say the favourite is sure to win, and oh dear, Guy, it would be worse than ever if you lost."

"It appears that my pater has quite as great an objection to betting and gambling as yours has. His father and grandfather nearly ruined themselves and their families by gambling, and both finally committed suicide in remorse or despair. My father told me last night that even with the assistance of my mother's money, it has taken him all this time to put the old place on its legs again. He impressed on me that he absolutely refused to pay up for me, and that nothing would alter his decision till he really saw I had quite given up betting and cards. That is all very well from his point of view, but most of the debts are of bits of honour, and I cannot get another shkel out of old Levi. No, this is my only chance, and if it fails I can follow my grandfather's example."

He uttered the last words so low that I doubt if the girl heard him. She seemed to be pondering over what he had been saying.

"Guy," she said at last laying her hand on his arm, "if you would only not bet to-day, perhaps my father would help you out of this trouble, as, though he has a name for being austere and hard, he really is very kind-hearted and generous; also he has never refused me anything."

"Except permission to be engaged to me," answered Guy. "It won't do Beryl, he would never understand how I was tempted and what an arrant ass I have been. If he did comprehend the latter fully he would be less inclined than ever to hand you over to the care of such a fool."

The girl looked dubious, but further conversation was rendered impossible by a move being made to get into the train.

"We cannot all go together," said Lady Dunbarton looking round—"Guy, you take care of Beryl."

As luck would have it they jumped into my carriage.

"Hallo, Colonel!" exclaimed Guy on seeing me, "who would have thought of meeting you in this motley throng!"

I explained whither I was bound, and he introduced me to Miss Bowen. When we were *en route* I told them I had inadvertently overheard their conversation and was freely absolved by both from intent to listen.

"Look here, my boy," I said, "I am not a rich man as you know, but if a couple of thousand would help you, you can have it and pay me back at your convenience."

"My dear Colonel, a couple of thousand would be but a drop in the ocean, I owe something more like ten—It is awfully good of you all the same, but it would do no good."

I was fairly startled, having no idea that the youngster was in debt to such an amount. It was quite impossible for me to help. A sum like that was beyond me. I no longer wondered at his father refusing to make a hole in his estate for that figure.

Just before the train stopped at Wimbledon, where I had to change, I made an effort to try to persuade him not to make this final (and what I inwardly thought idiotic) attempt to recoup himself; but it was no good. He had it fixed in his head that he might win this large sum by backing the dark horse, and nothing I could say was of any avail. He gave my hand a great grip at parting, saying:

"Colonel MacFarlane, you were always a brick to me ever since I was about two feet high, and I am awfully grateful to you for proposing to help me now, but it is no use."

They both waved to me as the train went away. I inadvertently watched it out of sight forgetting my pet superstition that to do so was unlucky.

With a sigh I turned away wishing heartily I had been rich enough to give the boy what he required, for in days gone by his mother had been very dear to me and at one time I had hoped to make her my wife till Sir John Corbin came along with his handsome face and winning ways and won her.

It was for the memory of her and of what I might have been that I remained a bachelor; and the boy was extraordinarily like her. I could think of nothing else all day and turned over a dozen projects in my mind to help the lad out of his difficulties.

At last I hit upon what I thought a likely plan and determined to try and carry it through.

I refused my friend's invitation to stay to dinner and hurried back to town by an earlier train than I intended. As I journeyed I turned over in my mind all the pros and cons, and just as I had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion another train ran alongside of the one I was in.

We were proceeding rather slowly and I could distinctly see the occupants of the carriages as we glided close together.

All at once I recognised Guy Corbin alone in a compartment—but how changed since the morning.

His face was deadly white and drawn and he looked fearfully upset. Like a flash it passed through my mind that his coup had failed. Almost before this thought was out of my head I saw him plunge his hand into his breast pocket and draw a small revolver out.

Before I could realise what was happening there was a report and I saw the boy sink back lifeless on the seat. Even then I wondered how it was that he had returned alone and where the rest of the party were, but in an extra special edition of the evening papers this was explained.

"Mr. Corbin," said these authorities, "had experienced heavy losses at Epsom. He had separated himself from the rest of the party at the station, an easy matter in such a crowd, and apparently had come by a later train."

Two days afterwards I happened to meet old Sharp my lawyer. He also did business for the Corbins.

"A sad affair, Colonel," he said, shaking his head, "and sadder still as, had he but known it, he was actually possessed of the sum of money which he required. Old Anthony Corbin, who, you will remember went to Australia many years ago had just died and left him his sole heir. I heard it from our agents this morning."

He bustled away, such things were distressing of course and awkward for the family, but not in his line. He left me with a big ache in my heart, for, though the boy was nothing to me, I could not help thinking of his mother.

M. CRAIGIE-HALKETT.





Mr. Bowser's Tribulations.

—HE PREPARES A SURPRISE AND
SUFFERS DISAPPOINTMENT.

FOR a few minutes after dinner the other evening there was something of a mystery about the Bowser mansion. Mr. Bowser insisted on answering a ring at the basement bell, and there was a whispered conversation, and a large package was taken in. Then he asked Mrs. Bowser if she would run upstairs and busy herself for a quarter of an hour. She complied without asking any questions, and by-and-by was told she might come down. She found Mr. Bowser beaming with good nature. He was even holding the cat on his lap.

"And now about all this mystery?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Sit down, dear, and let's have a little talk. I'm an old kicker of a husband, ain't I?"

"Why, I suppose you are like all other husbands."

"I'm a lot worse, and I'm ashamed of it. I've been thinking things over for the last week, and I'm wondering how you have stood it with me as well as you have. If I'd married any other woman, there'd have been a separation long ago."

Mrs. Bowser fully realized that Mr. Bowser in too good nature was just as dangerous as Mr. Bowser in kicking mood, and she replied that she had no fault to find and called his attention to a new book she had bought that day. He was not to be switched off, however.

"Do you remember our first meeting?" he asked, as he melted a little more. "I was at your house to see your father, and you entered the room. I fell in love with you at first sight. I thought you the smartest, sweetest and cosiest little woman in all this world, and in

five minutes I had made up my mind to win your heart and your hand. Years have passed since then, but I still think of you as I did that day."

"That—that is good of you," replied Mrs. Bowser, as her face flushed with pleasure and she forgot the peril of the situation.

"It was a case of love, and I hope it will go on to the end. There are times when I lose my temper and talk about separation and all that nonsense, but you shouldn't take any notice of that."

"I never do."

"No, you go along being the best little woman heaven ever let live, and that makes me ashamed of myself ten times over. I'm a mean old curmudgeon; I'm a contemptible old kicker; I'm a nagger, and if you weren't an angel you'd have left me long ago. Can you forgive me for the way I have acted in the past?"

Mr. Bowser's chin quivered, his voice broke and tears started in his eyes.

The cat made up her mind that torpedoes were being planted for a grand blow up, and she got down off his knee and sought shelter under the piano. Mrs. Bowser said there was nothing to forgive, and, wiping the tears from her own eyes, she began talking about the new cook who had arrived that day. She had got so far as to say that the girl appeared to know her duties when Mr. Bowser interrupted with:

"If I ever do any more rowing about this house, I hope you'll call in the neighbours to kick me down the street. It isn't the right thing to do. A wife has just the same legal rights as a husband. He has no legal or moral right to set himself up as a big general and run things. It would have served me right if you had turned on me some time with the axe. I never read of a wife killing her husband without wondering if he wasn't just such a mean man as I am. So you can forgive me and give me another chance?"

Mrs. Bowser assured him that she could, and asked him for the latest news from South Africa.

He didn't seem to hear the question, but got up and passed into the drawing-room and lighted all the gas jets. When he returned, he was bubbling over, and it was a minute or two before he could say:

"Well, angel of earth, your old kicker has got a little surprise for you. It will show you that I'm not so bad



it was a drawing done in crayon.

after all. I may raise rows and say mean things, but I appreciate you at your full worth just the same."

"And you've got a surprise for me?" she asked.

"I have, and it's a rattling good one. Come in and behold it."

On the wall in the drawing room where he had taken another picture down to make room for it, hung a portrait of Mrs. Bowser in a gilt frame. It was a portrait done in crayon. It was after a photograph when she was twelve years old. It had been done by the office boy in Mr. Bowser's office. He was an office boy without a lazy hair in his head. When he wasn't going to the post office or sweeping out, he was making portraits or hunting about secondhand shops to find frames which could be cut down to fit them. His industry had given Mr. Bowser an idea, and Mrs. Bowser's crayon was the result. It had all been included in seven and sixpence per week, except the frame.

"Why—why, who is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as she stood before the picture.

Being from her oldest photograph and the style being so ancient, she could not recognize herself.

"Who is it?" echoed Mr. Bowser, as he slipped his arm round her and gave her a kiss. "Well, it's the picture of the best little wife on top of this earth, and she's standing just beside me at this moment. What have you got to say about it?"

"It—it was awfully kind of you."

"Don't mention it. I wish I could have presented you with forty of 'em. It's you to a dot. I think it the best piece of work I ever saw. That boy will make his mark if he keeps on. Now, then, I'm going to ask Davis and his wife to run in and look at it."

"I don't think I would—not to-night."

"But why?" Davis claims to know all about art, and I want his criticism. He'll try to find some flaw, but he'll have mighty hard work. Mrs. Davis will probably want one done by the same boy."

"I don't think they are home this evening," said Mrs. Bowser as she tried to hide her feelings and took a closer look at the picture.

The crayon was the work of black and white industry. The office boy wasn't up in backgrounds. He considered backgrounds and foregrounds a useless waste of material. He had never taken particular notice of how the heads and arms of his fellow beings were nailed on, and in working from a photograph he had corrected several mistakes of the photographer. He had enlarged the mouth, been generous with the ears and given the chin

a slant on an entirely new line. He had also improved the eyes to match the mouth—that is, one of them was cocked up in surprise and the other drawn down in a squint.

Mrs. Bowser's heart stood still as she noted these things and a dozen more. That crayon was a token of love, and how could she find fault with it? She couldn't.

She gave Mr. Bowser a kiss and ran upstairs as if to hide her coyness. He was calling it coyness and chuckling and rubbing his hands when Davis walked in.

"What on earth is that?" he queried as he looked at the crayon.

"And you don't recognise it!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser.

"Hanged if I do, or you either! It may be your cook, your grandmother, or the woman who sells flowers in the streets. Ye gods! Bowser, take it down!"

"What's wrong with it?"

"It would scare a horse if you hung it up in the stable! Why, I could hold a stick of crayon between my toes and do better work! For heaven's sake, but don't let your wife see it!"

"But she has seen it."

"Then go and apologise, buy her off, lie out of it. Poor woman! I can understand how she is suffering! Fix it up, Bowser—for mercy's sake, fix it up with her! Good night! I was going to ask you to

step round to the club, but you want to get rid of that."

Mrs. Bowser was listening on the stairs. The cat came creeping in as Mr. Bowser stood there, and wondered where the shrapnel shell would burst.

The clock ticked five minutes away into eternity, and then Mr. Bowser moved. He moved with a jump. He rushed forward and grabbed that crayon and pulled on it until he broke the wire. Then he raised it on high and brought it down with a smash and jumped on it again and again.

The cat flew out of the room, and Mrs. Bowser uttered words of thankfulness. By and by Mr. Bowser came up to go to bed. He was silent and stern.

"Did—did anything fall downstairs?" asked Mrs. Bowser after a while.

"Yes; something fell!" he sternly replied. "And it will probably be better, while our solicitors are consulting about the separation, for you to go home to your mother. I believe the train leaves at noon!"

M. QUAD.

He brought it down
with a smash, and
jumped on it.



The Horseman in the Air.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

ONE sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861, a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in Western Virginia. He lay at full length upon his chest, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon his left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs, and a slight regular movement of the cartridge box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. But he was asleep at his post of duty, and, if detected, would be dead shortly afterwards.

The clump of laurels in which the criminal lay was in an angle of the road, which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity for two miles, turned sharply to the west at that point, running along the summit for perhaps fifty yards. There it turned southward again, and went zig-zagging downward through the forest. At the point of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer down one thousand feet on to the top of the pines. The soldier's station was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it. It might well have made him giddy to look.

The country was wooded everywhere, except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary house-yard, but was really many acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the inclosing forest. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the scene, and through which the road has somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from our point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could not but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the stream that parted the meadow two thousand feet below.

No country is so wild and difficult, but men will make it a theatre of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army into submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night, and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and, descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the

enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise him, for the road led to the rear of his camp. In case of failure their position would be perilous in the extreme; and fail they would, should accident or vigilance apprise him of the movement.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurels was a young Virginian, named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents—an only child—and had known such luxury and cultivation as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of Western Virginia thirty years ago. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay.

One morning, he rose from the breakfast-table and said, quietly, but gravely:

"Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his head, looked at his son a moment in silence, and replied:

"Go, Carter, and whatever may happen I hope that you will do what you conceive to be your duty. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father who returned the salute with stately courtesy, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep.

What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime, who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of Fate touched with unsealing finger the eye of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory has ever recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was one of keen artistic delight. On the colossal pedestal of the cliff, motionless, at the extreme edge of the capping rock, sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly. The face of the rider, turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift

against the sky, and by the soldier's sense of the formidable lenses of a near enemy, the group appeared of colossal size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war, and was looking upon a noble work of art reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of a heroic past of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the horse, which, without shifting its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remaining immobile as before. Wide awake, and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and, glancing through the sights, covered a vital spot in the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger, and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his crouching foe—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes.

Is it, then, so terrible to kill an enemy in war?—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of oneself and one's comrades?—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew deadly pale; he shook in every limb. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous and hardy soldier was near to swooning from intensity of emotion and excitement.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised; his hands resumed their places on the rifle; his forefinger sought the trigger. Mind, heart, and eyes were clear, conscience and reason found. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain; the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer, but he must be sent to his account.

But no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted, he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. Druse turned his head and looked down. Below he saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of the figures of men and horses—some foolish commander was permitting the men of his escort to water their horses in the open—in plain view from a hundred summits.

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sight of his rifle. He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—none a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty has silenced conscience; the spirit had said to the body, "Be still." He fired.

At this moment an officer of the Federal force, who, in the spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and climbing the slope had made his way to the lower edge of a

small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration farther. At the distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horse backriding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof-stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight.

The officer was filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the air. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that died without an echo, and all was still. Pulling himself together he ran rapidly obliquely backward from the cliff to a point a half-mile from its foot. Thereabouts he expected to find his man; and he naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the horse and rider, that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry must necessarily be directly downward, and that he would find the object of his search at the very foot of the cliff. An hour later he returned to camp.

This officer was a wise man; he knew better than to tell an incredible truth. He said nothing of what he had seen.

After firing his shot private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him on hands and knees. Druse neither turned his head nor looked at him, but lay without a motion or sign of recognition.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. You see, it is no longer there. I am a great marksman; you know I once shot a match with Washington's ghost and beat him."

The sergeant was shocked and startled. He looked searchingly at Druse. The man's face was white; his eyes were restless, and glittered with a strange, uncanny light. The sergeant, still on hands and knees, involuntarily backed a little way from him.

"Look here, Druse," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody—anybody at all—except the horse?"

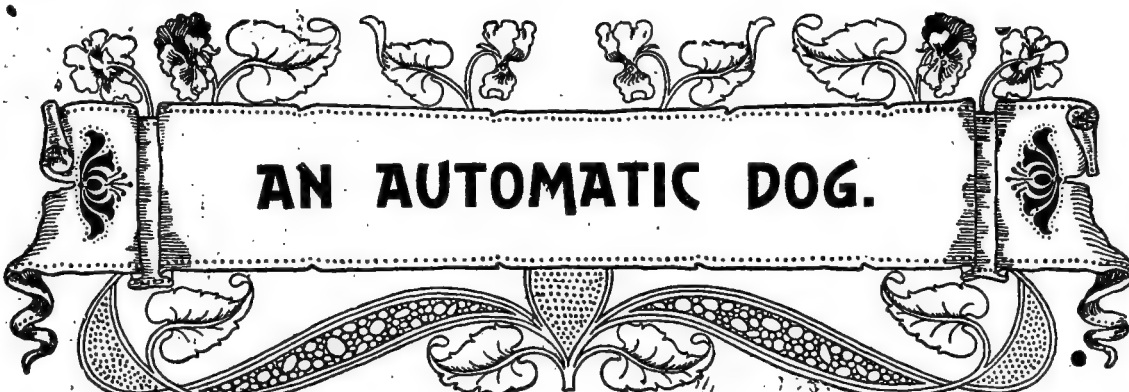
"Yes."

"Who?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet, and walked rapidly down the road towards the valley.

EDW. THORBURN.



AN AUTOMATIC DOG.

JACK MOSER rented a cottage in the country in order to please his wife. The house lacked a number of modern improvements, and, unlike other cottages advertised, was not "within five minutes walk of the nearest railway station"; but it had an ivy-clad veranda, woodbine twisted gracefully over the doorway, and Jack's wife was satisfied. She had a "vine-embowered cottage," for which she had frequently yearned.

Jack thought they ought to have a ferocious dog to warn off tramps, midnight robbers, and other obnoxious visitors, but his wife wouldn't listen to such a proposition. She said she would as soon have a robber or a tramp in the house as have a cross dog about. She intimated that her husband might bring home a Bengal tiger, or a sheep, or some other wild beast, but if he purchased a dog she would go straight home to her mother's. Her deep-rooted aversion to the canine tribe was owing to one of her dear friends having been bitten by a mad dog several years before.

Jack had set his heart upon having an able-bodied dog for protection, but as he had been married only a few months, and the honeymoon still retained some of its saccharineness, he was willing to make one more sacrifice to augment his wife's happiness.

But he didn't dismiss the dog from his mind; and one day, while reflecting upon the feeling of security such an acquisition would afford, he conceived an idea. He would have a dog built according to a design of his own invention. It might be a little more expensive than a genuine dog, but at this early era of his married life money was not so much an object as Mrs. Moser's felicity.

The automatic animal was successfully built. It was of the bull-dog brand. One eye was bloodshot and the lid swollen, and one ear had a ragged edge as if it had been bitten in an old feud. Its jaws were flabby, the undamaged eye had a wicked glare, and the whole contour of the brute was one of repulsiveness in the first degree.

Observation had taught Jack that when a man wished to gain a dog's confidence, he instinctively patted the animal on the head. The interior department of Jack's dog, therefore, was fitted up with machinery of a very sensitive character, which was connected with a wire running from a button on the animal's head, and when this button was slightly pressed, the internal contrivance would go off like an alarm clock—one of those diabolical inventions that waken up every member of the family except the servant girl, in whose room it is at work.

When the dog was patted on the head, the brute

would make a slight movement, open his jaws, and emit a prolonged and sonorous growl that would cause the cold shivers to meander along the spinal column of a snuff-shop wooden Highlander.

The dog was brought home, and Jack got his wife to test it. She said it was an ugly brute, but she wasn't afraid of any home-made dog; still when she patted it on the head, at her husband's suggestion, and was greeted with an unexpected and blood-curdling growl, she let escape an ear-piercing shriek, and fainted dead away.

The dog was an overwhelming success. It was regarded as an offensive partisan by every member of the tramp fraternity, who halted at the gate and threw a hungry glance towards the cottage.

One day Jack and his wife left home for a short visit to the seaside. The house was securely closed, and the automatic dog planted where it would do the most good. That very evening a couple of dirt-begrimed tramps stopped in front of the cottage. One of them unlatched the front gate, and was about to enter, when suddenly his gaze became riveted on the object in the path.

"Whe-ew!" he softly whistled, backing away from the fence. "Great Caesar, Jimmy! just take a squint at the size of the brute."

"Yer not afeerd of him, are yer, Bill?" said his companion.

"But look at the wicked eye of him! He's a terror. None of him fer me, if yer please, Jim."

"Yer a coward, Bill," said the tramp addressed as Jim. "See yer uncle make friends with the terror."

And Jim cautiously approached Moser's dog, using all the most wheedling terms of endearment at his command.

"Poor old fellow! Come here, my fine beauty."

Then he whistled encouragingly, and snapped his fingers cajolingly.

"S-sp-p-p-p-p-r-t," he chirped, placing his hand caressingly on the dog's head. "Ho, you old fel—"

At this juncture the dog's body moved forward, his mouth opened, and an awful nerve-distracting "Brrrrr" issued from his throat, and the tramp dashed out of the yard with so much impetuosity and unexpected celerity that he left a portion of his tattered garments clinging to the gate-latch.

"It's mighty lucky for yer, Jimmy, that the big-headed cur didn't lunch off yer hind leg," said Bill, as the twain hurriedly resumed their journey.

Next morning Mrs. Moser's mother arrived.

Wishing to give her daughter a little surprise, she had

not apprised her of her intended visit. It was Mrs. Moser's mother, however, who received the surprise. And it wasn't so very little either. She saw the dog as soon as she opened the gate and stood undecided whether to advance or retreat.

"What an ugly monster!" she mused. "And Caroline would never have a dog about the house, either! It's very strange. But perhaps it's somebody's animal that had wandered in."

Then she closed the gate between herself and the dog, raised her umbrella threateningly, and cried:

"Get out! Go away, you nasty beast! Shoo! Ugh! You horrid dog!"

But Moser's dog didn't stir.

"Carrie! Car-o-line!" called the old lady; but for obvious reasons there was no response. Caroline was many miles distant.

"Well, I'm not going to stand here all day," finally said Moser's wife's mother, with an air of determination. "I'll see if I can't make friends with the creature. Come Towser," she coaxed. "Good doggy! Nice old Carlo. Here, Prince, come here!" Then the old lady, having almost unconsciously advanced within reach of the dog, slowly extended her hand and began to pat it on the head. "You nice old do—"

"Ouch! Fire! Murder! Caroline! Oh-ooooo-oo!" she screamed, as the dog's deep "Grr-r-r-r-r!" seventeen yards long by a foot in circumference, pierced the adjacent atmosphere. The best previous time made by a badly-scared woman in getting out of a front garden is not on record, but Moser's wife's mother beat it. She was in a hurry. She didn't say so, but she was, all the same.

"Oh, my!" she gasped, when she reached the middle of the road, and discovered that the dog had not followed her, "I thought I was a dead woman!"

Then she looked at her handbag, which she had swung round wildly in her flight, and which had burst open by coming in contact with the gate post.

"I declare if the jar of currant jelly I brought Caroline doesn't lay smashed all to bits! John Moser heard that I was coming, and got that horrid ugly monster on purpose—I know he did! I'll go back home and never set foot in the ungrateful wretch's house again!"

And she left by the next train, fairly boiling over with anger; and one of the first things she did upon her arrival home was to make an alteration in her will.

The next visitor at Moser's cottage was a rate-collector, who had had a variegated experience. He boldly opened the gate, leisurely closed it after him, and started up the path, mechanically fumbling in an inside pocket.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, as the automatic contrivance encountered his vision. "I'll bet that overgrown dog is kept for the special benefit of rate-collectors. Here Bull! Come here, old fellow!" he coaxed. "If I had a gun I'd blow the roof off the savage-looking brute!"

Then he advanced gingerly towards the dog, using kind words that never die, and cautiously placed his hand on the animal's head.

There was a tree near by, and the rate-collector was safely at the top of it before the cadences of Moser's dog's "G-r-r-r-r-r-B-r-r-r" had died away. With the collector time was money, but, all the same, he concluded to remain in the tree and think about one thing and another until the dog retired, or someone came to his rescue. Five minutes devoted to vigorous yelling convinced him that the Moser cottage was unoccupied.

The sun had sunk behind the western hills, bathing the landscape in a field of purple haze, and tall trees in an adjacent meadow were darkly silhouetted against the hazy skies, but the collector didn't enjoy the scenery to any considerable extent, for his position in the tree was becoming uncomfortable, and the dog was still there. And he was annoyed by the animal's harrowing and persistent silence.

Finally the rate-collector concluded to venture down the tree, and take his chances. The feat was accomplished with a rapidly beating heart, and when he safely reached the gate without the dog making a demonstration, his courage quickly returned and assumed huge proportions.

"Perhaps the wretched brute is asleep," he reflected, "I must have revenge." And the thought of revenge made him feel very brave indeed.

He left the gate open, to permit of a hasty escape, and then proceeded to gratify his thirst for revenge.

"The animal is as quiet as a statue, and I'll just give him one vigorous kick for luck, and then glide out of the gate like lightning."

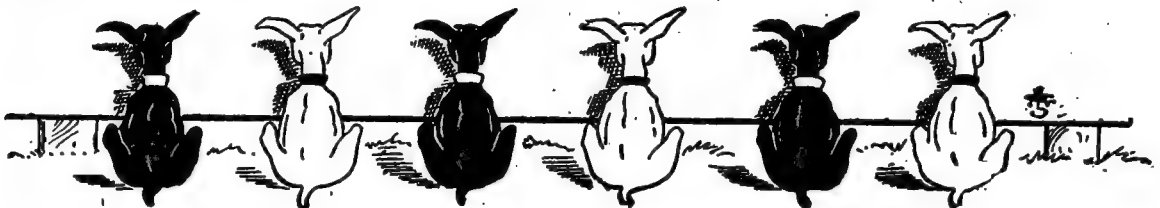
And he bestowed the kick—only one. It was a hearty, one-hundred-pound-to-the-square-inch kick, but it was enough—for the collector. One million pounds in cash would not have induced him to give Moser's dog another kick. Not with the same foot, anyhow. That part of the programme relating to gliding out of the gate like lightning was omitted. But the collector did some gliding nevertheless. He glode round on one foot, nursing the other with his hands, and yelled like a thousand throats. He thought his toes were telescoped into his ankles, but they were not. Two of them were broken, and two were badly bent, but the doctor who dressed his injuries said he thought his patient would be able to dispense with a crutch in about two months.

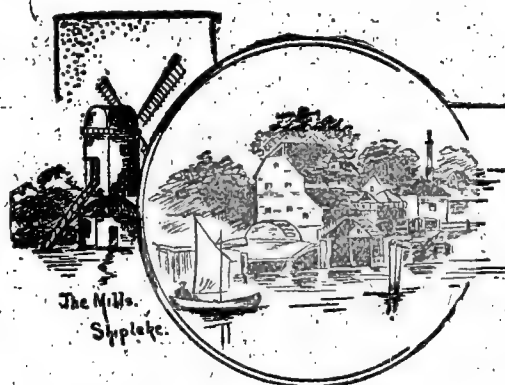
The rate-collector's fate should teach a man to refrain from attempting to kick the machinery out of a sleeping dog, especially one of the automatic breed. It is a mean advantage to take of the unsuspecting animal.

When Jack Moser returned home, his dog was "still there," showing no signs of hunger or fatigue. When Jack saw the smashed jar of currant jam and a dozen demand notes lying about the front garden, he quickly surmised that his dog had strictly attended to business during his absence.

He contemplates having his automatic dog patented, but when he hears from his mother-in-law he will probably change his mind.

O. H. K.





... HER ... RICH FOOL.



"This house to let."

It looked very big and imposing, this notice, and Mr. Dart stepped complacently backward to eye the general effect of it after he had affixed the document safely on the inside of the front room window.

"If people can't read that they must be blind! Now I'll go in and wait for someone to bite at the bait. No bother of estate agents for me—no commission to eat up half the rent. I'll transact my own business, or else I'll go into a lunatic asylum!"

As he sat in the pretty reception room belonging to the house which he had the good or bad fortune to own, he looked not unlike a big, bumble bee in the heart of some huge tropic flower.

"It's trouble, trouble and nothing but trouble," grumbled Mr. Dart, as he mused after his own saturnine fashion over the trials incidental to the position of landlord. "When it isn't rates and taxes, it's leaky water pipes, and when it isn't that it's your neighbour's drains overflowing your cellar, or your tenant taking French leave without paying his rent. I wish I was down in the old Stonyfield farm again, growing strawberries and cauliflowers. And I will be, too. I'll give this house to young Harry Field; he's a good boy, and if he really is going to marry that pretty Olive Melton, it won't be a bad wedding present. I hope she's worthy of him—but women are all artificial nowadays. I suppose I must let him have his own way and go with him to see her this evening. For—Hallo, there! What's wanting?"

A tall, belligerent looking man had given divers energetic jerks to the electric bell.

"Is this house to let?" he demanded, as Mr. Dart thrust his head out at the window.

"Yes, sir, it is."

"How much is the rent?"

"One hundred and eighty pounds per annum."

"It's too much for a house in this locality."

"You think so, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, sir, what a consolation it must be to you that you're not obliged to pay it."

And Mr. Dart drew his head back and slammed down the window, to the inexpressible rage of the tall man.

Hardly had he ceased congratulating himself on this masterly manoeuvre than a second ring reminded him that "this house" was still "to let."

This time it was a fat woman, with an abundance of cheap rings on her fingers. She went all over the house, opened all the cupboards, investigated every separate shelf

and finally came to the conclusion that the house "would do."

"For, you see, I want a large house," said she, confidently, to Mr. Dart. "I keep a children's school, and—"

"You do, eh?" said Mr. Dart. "Well, you can't keep it here."

"I've a great mind to take down the bill," he thought, with ruffled temper and face like a radish. "I hadn't an idea that there were such meanness in human nature! Dear, dear, there comes somebody else—two ladies. I wish they were not ladies! I can kick a man downstairs when he says an impertinent thing to me, but I don't know how to deal with women! That nearest one is a clipper!"

The ladies were evidently mother and daughter—a subdued, weak-looking, little woman in black, and a tall, handsome girl of eighteen or nineteen, with brilliant black eyes, a complexion like snow and roses, and a singularly haughty way of carrying her lovely head.

"Sir—" began the mother, as they were ushered into the hall by Mr. Dart, but the younger lady interrupted her.

"Do hold your tongue, mother," she said, sharply; "I can manage matters a great deal the best. Are you the agent of this house, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dart, with a queer expression in his eyes.

"And is £180 the lowest rent—the very lowest?"

"Yes."

"I told you so, dear," interposed the elderly lady meekly. "Our means will not—"

"There you go again!" snapped the daughter, "with your everlasting cackle about means, means! Will you show us the house, sir?"

Mr. Dart obeyed, in his inmost heart pitying the subdued mother; the tall young lady swept like a queen through the passages, pausing in each room to survey its adaptations for the purposes to which she had assigned it in her mind.

"I like the house," she said, imperiously, as they paused at length in the hall. "Mother, you must take it!"

"My darling!" deprecated the mother, "one hundred and eighty pounds a year! and papa's salary is only one hundred and fifty, besides the interest we have to pay!"

"Pshaw! do have done with your lecturing. What do I care whether papa is pleased or not? I'm going to be married, thank goodness, and get away from all your

debts and grovelling and grumbings! A rich fool for a husband is better than no husband at all!"

"But, my dear," the conversation had fallen into an undertone, "you are not sure of it yet, and——"

"Yes, I am," said the daughter, sharply. "Don't I tell you he's completely under my thumb? And do you suppose I would be married from such a hole as that little house in Westwood Road?"

And turning to Mr. Dart, who was an unwilling and unmodified listener to the conversation, she said, in a louder accent:

"We shall take the house. My father will call and see you to-morrow. Let this bill be taken down."

And she glided away, more like Queen Semiramis than ever, with the meek little mother following, a look of pained perplexity on her face.

At eight o'clock precisely Mr. Dart was ready.

"Why, uncle!" cried Harry Field gleefully. "How nice you look!"

"Do I?" said the old gentleman complacently. "Well, I flatter myself I am about right! Come on, my boy, or we shall be late."

"It's not far," said Harry. "It's only in Westwood Road!"

"Westwood Road! Westwood Road!" repeated the old gentleman. "It seems to me as if I had somewhere heard that name recently!"

But he could not remember where, and was still racking his brain when they reached the residence of the damsel whom Harry Field enthusiastically termed "his guardian angel."

The apartment into which they were shown was rather of the tawdrily-splendid order—satin-covered chairs, enamelled with stray grease spots; marble mantels, undusted, and a gaudy carpet, strewn with clippings of thread and scraps of paper, forming its chief characteristics.

Presently in walked a tall, beautiful girl, with black eyes and a wealth of raven hair, a smile dimpling her cherry lips and adding a new charm to her lovely face.

"Olive!" said Harry proudly, as he advanced to greet her, "tis is my uncle, Mr. Dart, and——"

He stopped short in astonishment, for Olive shrank back, colouring redder than the reddest peony in all the gaudy carpet patterns. They had recognised each other mutually.

"Aha!" said Mr. Dart, plunging both his hands in his pockets. "I think we've met before!"

"Met before?" echoed Harry Field. "When? Where?"

Olive Melton, remembering the very free use of her tongue she had made, was too near the verge of a fit of hysterics to reply coherently, so Mr. Dart calmly narrated the brief interview they had that morning.

Harry's brow darkened as he listened.

"A rich fool!" he muttered, "and completely under her thumb! Olive is this true?"

She could not deny it—she dared not, with the cold light of Mr Dart's glittering eyes upon her.

Mr. Dart's house was "let" the next day to a widow, and the two best rooms are occupied by the uncle and nephew, who keep "bachelor's hall" in fine style.

"And I believe," the widow says, in reference to her two favourite boarders, "that the old gentleman really means to live and die a bachelor; but as for Mr. Harry—so long as there's youth there's hope!"

But Olive Melton's chances are gone.

C. P. WILKINS.

NO ONE KNOWS

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Briton or Boer?



By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

INTRODUCTION.

FOR years past Britain and the Transvaal have been spoiling for a fight, and it was left to that well-known author, Mr. George Griffith, to write this strong and exciting serial nearly four years ago graphically describing a huge war between the two countries.

The story, coming so soon after the Jameson Raid, was read with unusual interest.

Now that Briton and Boer are in deadly conflict it will be interesting to read the story, and see how far the imagination of the author has actually come true.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SWING OF THE BALANCE.

CAPTAIN MURRAY took immediate advantage of the rout of the Boers to confer with Captains Le Sueur and Celliers, in command of the two companies of Western Rifles who formed the nucleus of the Loyalist garrison of De Aar, as to the most advisable plan of campaign to be adopted.

Not a little to his disgust, he learnt that the series of brilliant successes which had been gained in the North had been if anything more than counterbalanced by a rapid succession of disasters in the South. On the 17th of January the rebel burghers of the Cape had simultaneously risen in arms throughout the whole Southern and Midland districts, with the exception of a strip of sea-board country about a hundred miles in width, stretching from the northern border of Natal to Saldanha Bay.

Inside this, practically every inland town was in their hands, including some of the railway junctions which had been garrisoned by General Goodenough at the commencement of the rebellion.

Within the last week the rebels had cut the communication with the coast on the Western, Midland, and Eastern systems, and therefore, with the exception of the Natal troops, the Loyalists found themselves hemmed in between two vastly superior forces, the rebel burghers of the Cape to the South, and the commandos of the Free State Boers to the North.

Several skirmishes and three or four battles had been fought along the lines of communication, but in nearly every instance the Loyalists, hopelessly outnumbered, had had decidedly the worst of it.

"Well that's pretty bad news, I must say," said Captain Murray, when he was at length in possession of the facts.

"And it takes a good deal of the gilding off what we have been lucky enough to do in the North. It seems, too, that we are in a pretty tight place here, for these fellows won't take their licking lying down, although we have put the fear of God into them to a pretty good extent. They'll be re-forming over yonder in the hills now, and if they've got any artillery, or can get any up the line, they'll very soon knock spots out of the train. Have they got any guns?"

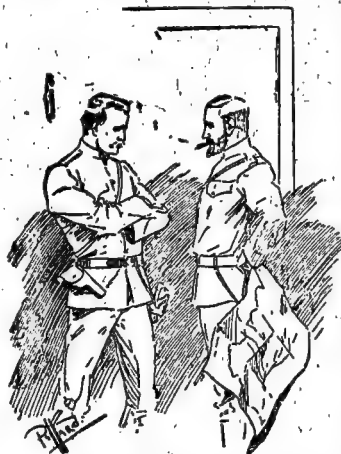
"There are two seven-pounders and three Maxims of ours in the station," replied Captain Le Sueur, rather ruefully, "but there is no ammunition for them. We used all that up before they drove us out. That's our great failing, you know. Either we haven't got guns enough, or else if we have the guns we haven't anything like enough to shoot out of them."

"Never mind that," said Captain Murray cheerfully. "I've tons of it on the train. We took a tremendous lot from Groot Jan's commando at Shoshong. Now, gentlemen, I think the best—indeed the only—thing we can do is to take those guns back, fix up your fellows with a train—there is plenty of rolling stock here, I see—mount your guns on it, and fight our way through to Naauwpoort. De Aar is no use to us now. If we can reach Naauwpoort we shall either join forces with the garrison, if it is still holding out, or have a try to take it back if it's fallen. Then those that are left of us ought to make a dash north for Norval's Pont, get across the river either with the trains or without them, and go for Springfontein."

"You see," he went on, patting the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other, "if we could take Springfontein and get command of the wires, we could soon have news of General Carrington. Then, supposing he has taken Bloemfontein, as I have no doubt he will have done by the time we get there—if we ever do—we shall be able to get in touch with him, and if we do that I shall be very much surprised if the Free Staters don't see several kinds of stars before long."

The two captains of the Rifles at once saw that this was really the only plan of action which offered anything like a decent chance of success, and they at once proceeded to act upon it. The armoured train was pulled out of the station into a position which commanded both lines, and the guns were held in readiness to sweep all the approaches to it in case the rebels should rally and try to prevent the Loyalists from recovering their artillery and fitting up the second train.

But a most wholesome dread of the terrible machine-guns had been so thoroughly instilled into them by the fearful



"We are in a pretty tight place here."

slaughter of the last half hour or so that not a man of them had any stomach left to try conclusions with the train again. They had no artillery—which was the one thing that they had not been able to buy during their months of preparation for the revolt—and nothing but shell-fire would give them a chance of disabling their iron-clad antagonist.

The consequence was that the work was carried through rapidly and without opposition, and before a couple of hours had elapsed the two trains, crowded with men, steamed off to the eastward under the eyes of the disgusted rebels, who, with very good reason, were afraid to show themselves within a thousand yards of them.

In order to avoid repetition of details of fighting, which were of necessity almost exactly similar to those which have been already described, it may suffice to say that, after four days and nights of almost continuous fighting, the garrison of Naauwpoort was relieved, Colesberg and Norval's Pont were carried by storm, the Orange River crossed, and a desperate battle fought at Springfontein, out of which the Loyalists came victors with the loss of nearly half their combined forces.

The morning after the victory the joyful news came over the wires that Bloemfontein had fallen; that President Steyn and half-a-dozen of the Free State leaders were prisoners of war, and that Lerothodi had placed himself and twelve thousand mounted men absolutely at the General's disposal.

The message closed with orders to Captain Murray to bring his armoured train with all the forces he could collect up to the capital without delay, as the Transvaal Boers were massing on the frontier round Vereeniging, and the General had decided to move northward at once and fight what would in all probability be a decisive battle.

As the line was now quite open there was, of course, no difficulty in obeying these orders, and that afternoon Captain Murray ended his desperate but brilliantly successful journey of over a thousand miles by steaming into Bloemfontein, titian at the head of the train-loads of men and horses amidst the rapturous cheers of General Carrington's whole force, and peals of welcoming thunder from the guns and forts.

While these events were taking place in the west and centre of the area of operations, General Goodenough in the South of Cape Colony, and Colonel Cox, in Natal, had been standing strictly on the defensive, and strengthening the most important strategic positions as far as the means at their command would permit.

At the same time the rebel burghers of the Cape had concentrated themselves into four formidable commandos of from twelve to fifteen thousand men each, and located at Beaufort West, Middleburg, Burgersdorp, and De Aar, out of all of which positions the Loyalists had successfully been driven after desperate resistance during nearly a fortnight of almost continuous fighting. In the Transvaal two columns, numbering about twelve thousand each, were pushing south on Vereeniging and Volksrust.

Such, then, were the positions of the several divisions of the opposing forces when the news of General Carrington's wonderful march and the fall of Bloemfontein suddenly rang like a thunderclap from one end of South Africa to the other. So far, although the honours of the fighting had been pretty fairly divided, the balance of advantage had distinctly inclined to the rebel side, and it seemed manifest that, unless reinforcements speedily arrived from somewhere, the isolated and outnumbered loyalist forces in the interior must infallibly be caught and crushed between the forces of the Free State and the Transvaal on the one side and the rebel burghers of the Cape on the other.

But the fall of Bloemfontein and the surrender of President Steyn and his Government instantly swung the balance the other way. The majority of the Free State burghers, who, as a matter of fact, had never had any great heart in the revolt, and had gone into it more under

pressure from the Transvaal and the Cape Dutch than of their own motion, promptly obeyed the proclamation of General Carrington, subscribed to by President Steyn and his Executive, and laid down their arms on condition of a general amnesty being granted and the Basutos being removed from the country.

This, of course, detached the Free State, now, once more the Orange River Sovereignty, from the Boer Alliance, and,



The work of disembarking men and horses went on.

while it reduced the fighting forces of the rebels by something like fifteen thousand men, it increased those of the Loyalists by some five thousand loyal Outlanders, British and Colonials, who promptly volunteered for service, and were armed with the weapons given up by the Free State burghers.

In the Transvaal the news was received first with incredulity, and then, when it could no longer be doubted, with a temporary paralysis of rage and astonishment. It meant that a British force, springing as though by magic out of the wilds of the North, had suddenly driven itself like a wedge between the two sections of the rebels and into the very heart and centre of the Dutch Republican area. Six weeks ago it had numbered less than three thousand men; now, with its native auxiliaries, it was fully twenty thousand strong, magnificently equipped, and flushed by brilliant and continuous triumphs.

Matters stood thus on the 12th of February, when about daybreak the watchers on Signal Hill saw a dense cloud of smoke stretching along the south-eastern horizon. The news was instantly telegraphed down to General Goodenough's headquarters, and transmitted by semaphore down to the fleet in Table Bay.

The *Majestic* and *Magnificent*, with the *Powerful* and *St. George* and the three captured Russian ships, now thoroughly refitted and in perfect fighting trim, weighed anchor at once and put to sea, preceded by the *Boxer*, *Bruiser*, and *Daring* as scouts. As they steamed on, the great smoke-cloud gradually lifted, and underneath it a long line of masts and funnels became visible. It was speedily apparent that they were not ships of war, and therefore the only likely explanation of their advent would be the assumption that they were a fleet of transports conveying the sorely needed reinforcements from Australia or Canada, or both.

It was soon possible to count five-and-twenty of them, all large ships, and evidently of good speed. Presently the glasses of the officers of the fleet showed them that every one of the new-comers was flying either the red or blue ensign with four stars on the field. In a few minutes more signals were being exchanged, and in reply to the question, "Who are you?" the welcome words came back:

"Transports, with troops from Australia."

By this time all Cape Town was out, and the slopes of Signal Hill were soon swarming with people, not all of whom were prepared to welcome their Colonial brethren

from over the sea with unadulterated delight. The sight was one that Cape Town would not forget for many a long day.

As the two great fleets rounded Mouillé Point the men-of-war stretched out into two long lines, and the transports,



A boat put off from her.

steaming three abreast, and decked from truck to bulwarks with flags, ran in between them, and as they did so the guns of the war-ships thundered out their welcoming salute, which, as the crowd of vessels came into the bay, was answered by another roar which rolled from battery to battery along the shore and up the echoing cliffs of Table Mountain.

All that day the work of disembarking men and horses went on, and when it was over fifteen thousand of the flower of Australian manhood stood on South African soil, full armed and ready to prove with shot and steel that the British Empire is, after all, something more than a geographical expression, and that no part of it can be assailed without risk of attacking every portion of the vast and mighty organism.

It so happened that on the evening of the same day a large private yacht, after replying satisfactorily to the signals of the guard-ships patrolling in front of the entrance to Durban, steamed across the bar and dropped anchor in the Bay off the quay. A boat soon after put off from her, containing six or eight passengers, whom a not very experienced eye could easily have recognised as military men.

One of them, sitting in the stern sheets, with quiet and not very striking features, lighted up by a pair of keen eyes, with a cloth cap covering his close-cropped, iron-grey hair, and dressed rather carelessly in a not over-good suit of gray cloth, was the man for whom the Loyalists in South Africa were waiting so anxiously, and the last man on earth that the rebels wished to see on South African soil, for this was Sir Charles Warren, possibly the only Administrator and soldier who ever went to South Africa and brought back more reputation than he took there. Certainly he was the only one who had never permitted himself either to be tricked in diplomacy or out-generalled in the field by the Boers.

His fellow-travellers in the yacht were some of the smartest officers in the Indian service. How they had managed to get leave at such a period was a mystery, and remained so. Their visit was an absolutely unofficial one. They were, in fact, simply volunteers who had come to offer their services to their loyal fellow-subjects in South Africa.

They went straight on that night by special train to Maritzburg, and from thence up to the front on what was actually a tour of inspection, the result of which proved so satisfactory to Sir Charles that when he returned to Maritzburg he said to Colonel Cox:

"Everything seems to be in excellent order, and as soon as the Australians and Canadians arrive I think we shall be able to take the offensive."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE HAND OF THE STRONG MAN.

A LITTLE after seven o'clock in the evening of the 15th of February four men were sitting drinking coffee and smoking pipes and cigars in President Kruger's drawing-room in Kerk Street, Pretoria, and talking of matters which directly or indirectly affected the fortunes of rather more than half the world.

One of them was Uncle Paul himself, sitting in a stiff-backed, red-velvet-covered arm-chair, which, like the rest of the furniture of the room, was in the very worst style of florid taste, and seemed to have the legend, "Furnish on our hire-purchase system," writ large all over it. The second in temporary importance was Mr. Secretary Leyds and the other two were Prince Regna, who might now almost be described as Envoy Plenipotentiary from the Court of Petersburg to the Transvaal, and Baron Matalha, who, unknown to two of the company, had for some considerable time held, as one might say, a watching-brief on behalf of the Portuguese Government, which in former years he had so long and so faithfully served.

Out of deference to the pious fraud which His Honour sees fit to indulge in as to his alleged inability to understand or speak English, the conversation was carried on in Dutch, and it was of the most strictly private nature. In order to clearly understand its drift, it will be necessary to remember that at this period the Government of the South African Republic had no means whatever of obtaining news from beyond its own borders or those of the Orange Free State.

The last authentic information that had reached Pretoria was the news of the fall of Bloemfontein, which, as has been said, had suddenly rung like a thunderclap throughout South Africa. Every seaport was strictly blockaded; the cables were absolutely under the control of the British, and the land wires, or those which remained of them extended no farther than the frontiers of the two Republics.

The defection of the Free State naturally formed the principal topic of conversation, which, as a somewhat natural consequence, was not particularly cheerful in tone. There was, in fact, a distinct spice of bitterness in it, and in addition to this it partook somewhat of the nature of a four-handed game of draw-poker, with South Africa as the "pot."

All held good cards, that each one was perfectly aware of. The only question was: Who held the best, and who would use them most skilfully? Preserving the simile for the present, it may be added that Mr. Secretary Leyds' game



Four men were drinking coffee and smoking in President Kruger's drawing-room.

inclined to the policy of bluff. His Honour was playing in the style of an old hand, who, when he picks up three kings, allows a deprecatory sneer to flit across his lips and takes two cards. The Prince and the Baron were playing the most perfect game of all—the kind of game that a graven image would play if it knew how.

It is a somewhat far cry from Bloemfontein to Delagoa Bay, but just then the two places were very closely connected, for, with the Bay blockaded by British ships and Bloemfontein held by a British force, it seemed as though the hand of the hated *rooinek* had at the same time fallen over the mouth and gripped the heart of the so-called Afrikaner Nation.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Secretary Leyds, after a lengthy and somewhat awkward pause in the conversation, "that unless we strike a decisive blow, and strike it pretty quickly, the food question will become serious. The rinderpest is spreading fast, and meat is at famine prices. The Kaffirs are making away with the mealies in a wholesale, if unaccountable fashion, and wheat is getting unpleasantly expensive."

"For that you must thank your countrymen, mynheer," growled Uncle Paul, looking at him with an ill-natured glitter in his little eyes. "If it was not for them and their concessions and monopolies the Land could now feed its children; but that is not the talk now. The question is: What shall we do, and when shall we do it? Shall Pretorius march on Bloemfontein and fight Carrington, or shall he join Lucas Meyer at Volksrust and fight another Amajuba and Lang's Nek there? My thought is that we should have done that a week ago or more. The longer we wait the stronger these English will become."

"I don't think myself," said Doctor Leyds, with the air of a man who believes that his finger is still on the pulse of Fate, "that they can ever be much stronger than they are, and even if we have lost the Free State we are still a good five to one stronger. What do you think, Prince?"

"I am afraid, my dear Mr. Secretary, that I not only cannot agree with you, but I feel impelled by my friendship for you and your Government to undeceive you," replied Prince Paul, with the most perfect suavity, and yet also with the air, to revert once more to the poker simile, of one who has just drawn the two cards he wanted to fill his hand.

"What do you mean?" said the Secretary, almost roughly. "Do you mean that Russia and France and Germany will not keep their compact with us? That they will allow England to go on blockading our coasts, and then to pour her troops in from India and England, and perhaps America and Australia, to crush us by the brute force of numbers?"

"Here the Baron suddenly dropped his cigar as if it had burnt his fingers, and stooped down to pick it up. When he sat up again his merry, smiling face was as inscrutable as it had been all along, but Prince Paul permitted himself the indulgence of an obvious smile, and said, in answer to the Secretary's somewhat petulant query:

"My dear Mr. Secretary, I can give you the most absolute assurance with regard to Russia, France, and Germany so far as the despatch of Imperial troops from Britain is concerned. I can also promise you again, as I have already promised yourself and His Honour, that if you succeed in your high and laudible aims, those three Powers will instantly recognise the Government of the United States of South Africa as a Sovereign power, and, if necessary, will enter into alliances with it for the purpose of preserving its integrity."

"So far they have done all that could reasonably be expected. Russia has even, so far as we are able to judge here submitted for the time being to the outrage and indignity that was put upon her by the capture of her squadron in Delagoa Bay in order that she might adhere rigidly to the compact of armed neutrality and non-intervention. No doubt a heavy reckoning will be exacted for this at a proper time; but I must remind you that there is one thing that not Russia, or even the whole of Europe, can do, and that is, prevent other portions of the British Empire sending help to their fellow-subjects here."

"Let me tell you now, for your information and for his Honour's, that three days ago fifteen thousand Australians, with ten thousand horses, landed in Cape Town, and that

they were followed twelve hours later by seven thousand volunteers from Canada, all armed and equipped to perfection; and, lastly, that two days ago Sir Charles Warren and six of the most experienced officers in India landed in Durban."

"Ah! allermachtij!" the President suddenly cried, hitting his knee a resounding smack. "Is that verdomde ker! here? Soh! Then we must move quickly and strike hard, or he will be after us and all round us. How did you know that, Highness?"

"And how in the name of all that is evil did those Australians and Canadians find the money to get here with? It must have taken a whole fleet of transports, and they are not had for nothing, nor do their owners send them across the world for the sake of an idea," exclaimed the Secretary almost at the same time.

"I will tell you," said the Prince, adroitly avoiding the first question by answering the second. "Do you remember, Mr. Secretary, how I warned you some weeks ago to beware of the man who is at once silent and strong?"

"Ah, Rhodes!" grunted Uncle Paul, with a savage snort. "Why does the Lord let such a man as that live to plague His people? Why did not some of those Kaffirs put a bullet or an assegai into him when they had the chance? He is the curse of Africa, that man. But for him we should have had the country by now."

The Baron who was doing more listening than talking, smiled blandly at the angry old man and rubbed his hands gently together, and Prince Paul, with a slight inclination of his head towards the President, went on:

"There I have the pleasure to be absolutely in agreement with your Honour. Cecil Rhodes and his associates are the men who are holding the hands of Europe because they hold its purse-strings. They are the men who for the sake of this Imperial idea of theirs are pouring out their millions in chartering ships for transport and are buying swift ships of war—"

"And have bought Delagoa Bay and the Pungué River," the Baron interrupted very softly. "I am quite in accord with your Highness there. These men have the power of the purse, and, whatever the proverb may say about the pen, the purse is to-day mightier than the sword."

"Might we not have heard of that before, my dear Baron?" asked Dr. Leyds, turning somewhat sharply upon him.

"My dear Mr. Secretary," replied the little man with the most perfect suavity, "to be quite frank with you, it never crossed my mind that you were not already aware of it. Did they not tell you in Berlin that Cecil Rhodes had already squared the Government of Portugal, and that, in consideration of certain millions, England was to be permitted to exercise her rights of pre-emption immediately on the outbreak of any war in South Africa? I can hardly believe that Baron von Marschall did not know that when you and he were discussing that other little matter."

Dr. Leyds saw that he had made a bad mistake. He had shown the poverty of at least one card in his hand, but he affected a laugh at his own error and said:



The Baron suddenly dropped his cigar.

"Oh! you know, we have heard that old story of pre-emption so often. It is getting almost too familiar for belief. You will not think me rude if I ask, Baron, if your information is popular or official?"

"Popular, my dear Mr. Secretary. Everybody knows it by this time outside the Transvaal," replied the Baron,



"These accursed English are everywhere with their ships except on land."

smiling both outwardly and inwardly at the recollection of his own share in the negotiations.

"And that," he went on, turning to the Prince, "as I suppose your Highness, who knows everything else, is already aware, is why the German squadron did not enter the Bay at all, and why Russia had to pocket the affront and the loss that the British Admiral inflicted upon her. Her ships were in English waters, and she knew it."

"Ah," grunted the President again, "these accursed English are everywhere with their ships, except on land. God be thanked! Pretoria is far from the sea. It is a horrible thing that sea when you have no ships upon it. I hate it as I hate England itself."

"But this is idle talk," he went on, looking across at Prince Paul. "What say you, Prince, you who know the thoughts of all Europe? If we fight one great battle with these *rooieks* and crush them with the Lord's help, as we did at Amajuba, will your country and the other countries send ships to fight theirs and make the seaports open, so that we can send out our gold and diamonds and get what we buy with them back? Can you promise me that?"

"I can promise what I have promised already, your Honour," replied Prince Paul, bowing slightly towards the anxiously-angry old man, "but I cannot promise more. We cannot send our fleets to fight the English now in these far away waters, for if we did that our own coasts and seaports would be unprotected, and England, who is only waiting for her chance, would see it then, and strike us where we could not strike her back."

"Your Honour must remember that England has more ships than Russia, France, and Germany put together. But if your brave burghers can inflict a crushing defeat on the English in South Africa; if they can hoist your national flag in Cape Town and Maritzburg, then I can promise that Europe will compel England to acknowledge it, and that Africa shall be yours from sea to sea, every port and harbour from the Zambesi to Walfisch Bay."

"But if I may advise, let me urge you most strongly to strike hard and quickly. The loss of the Free State is bad, but it is better to stand by yourself than have a half-hearted ally, and I have no doubt that your friends in the South have by this time gained advantages sufficient to counterbalance the fall of Bloemfontein."

"Leave Carrington alone for the present, let your General Pretorius move his men from Vereeniging to Volksrust as

quickly as may be. Carrington has the rail from Bloemfontein, and can strike him through that. But if he goes to Volksrust then Carrington must march across country, and this will give your forces time to unite. Then, on the scene of your former glorious triumphs, give battle with your whole strength to the enemy and crush him at one blow. Then turn and catch Carrington between your own forces and those of your friends in the south. If you can do that, Africa will be yours in a week."

"Allermachtij, Highness, that is it!" cried Uncle Paul, rising from his seat, and smiting his two great hands together. "We will do that. I will send the order to-night. Pretorius shall march on Volksrust, Joubert shall take supreme command, but I will go, too, myself. I am an old man, but I can still shoot straight for my people and the Land. Yes, we will fight another Amajuba, and we will fight it on the same day; and it shall be Armageddon, too, for the Lord will help His people, and put our feet on the necks of our enemies!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FIGHT OF HEX RIVER.

As soon as Sir Charles Warren had completed his survey of the situation in Natal he returned in the *Rhodesia* to Cape Town to confer with General Goodenough and the two Admirals on the position of affairs in Cape Colony; and the following day—that is to say the 17th of February—news came in that a heavy force of Boers was advancing on Worcester, apparently with the intention of storming the Hex River Pass.

The whole of Cape Colony, with the exception of the coast-strip, might by this time be said to be at their disposal. In almost every battle that had been fought with the Loyalist garrisons and burgher forces they had managed to crush their enemies by weight of numbers, saving only in the cases of De Aar, Colesberg, and Norval's Pont, where, as has already been said, the garrison had been relieved through the agency of Captain Murray's armoured train.

There were fully fifty thousand of them under arms, and they were now in possession of all the strategic positions and considerable towns throughout the colony. In Cape Town itself there were still many who would rather have seen the Vierkleur flying over Government House than the Union Jack, and these managed to open and keep up correspondence with the armed rebels of the interior by means of a Kaffir post across the mountains.

It was through the treachery or capture of one of these that the authorities learnt of the march on Worcester, and the intention of the rebels to force the Hex River and Tulbagh passes. They had been joined by the Midland Commando, so that not less than twenty thousand men were advancing on Worcester and the Hex River.

Their motive was sufficiently plain. The landing of the Australians and Canadians had convinced them that as long as Cape Town remained in the hands of the Loyalists, reinforcements could be continually poured in from all parts of the Empire until the advantage of numbers must inevitably turn the other way. If, therefore, they could take and hold the three gates, so to speak, of the peninsula—Hex River, Tulbagh Pass, and Sir Lowry's Pass—then, even if they and their friends in the city could not take Cape Town itself, they could at least bar the roads by which the troops must march into the interior.

If they had not delayed this movement until a week later than it should have taken place, it is quite possible that, aided as it would have been by an insurrection within the town, it might have been successful, although at a frightful cost of life and property, for both Admiral Dale and General Goodenough were firmly resolved that they would fight to the last man, and, if necessary, turn the guns of the forts, and the ships on the city and lay it in ruins

rather than give up to the rebels the great southern gateway of the Empire, and the Half-way House on the road to India.

But the prompt and generous, albeit somewhat mysterious, fashion in which Australia and Canada had come to the rescue, together with the news that Sir Charles Warren had arrived, added to the rumours that Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his associates were somewhere using their vast influence and wealth in raising forces to do the work which the Imperial Government, smitten with sudden and almost unaccountable paralysis, was unable to do, had very promptly put all thoughts of insurrection out of the prudent minds of those worthy citizens of Cape Town, the Paarl, Stellenbosch, Malmesbury, and Swellendam, who, while confident of overcoming the few English scattered through the Colony, had no stomach for tackling the thousands of bronzed, stalwart and soldierly men who had suddenly come from beyond the seas to help their brothers of the Flag.

Although, as has been said, Sir Charles Warren held no official position whatever, he could not have had a more enthusiastic reception in Cape Town if he had been the Governor himself. As the *Rhodeia*, flying the Union Jack and the Blue Ensign, steamed into the bay, she was greeted with a thunder of salutes from the warships and the forts. The yards of the fleet were manned, and the five-and-twenty thousand men who were by this time under arms in Cape Town turned out and lined the streets as the plainly-dressed, unassuming-looking man who was soon to hold the destinies of South Africa in his hand drove from the docks to the Royal Hotel.

He only remained there a few minutes, and then drove up to Government House. The effect of his presence was felt almost immediately. He had all his plans ready cut and dried by the time he landed.

The Natal authorities had practically placed themselves in his hands so far as the operations were concerned, and those of Cape Colony promptly did the same. Thus, though he would accept no title beyond that of military adviser to the two Governments, he was virtually Commander-in-Chief of the Loyalist forces.

It was for this, as well as for reinforcements, that both the civil and military authorities had been waiting. Like wise men, they recognised the necessity of union under a supreme head, and the guidance of a single brain, and it was no time to permit anything like personal jealousy or professional rivalry to cross the course of patriotic duty.

That night fifteen thousand men marched out northward in the direction of the Tulbagh Pass, and ten thousand



The attack on both positions began almost at the same time.

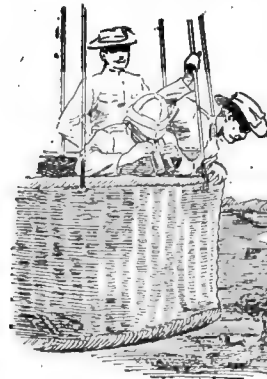
more marched southward and eastward by the Sir Lowry's Pass on Caledon.

Both of these positions were occupied in force with artillery and machine-guns, just in time to check the advance of two great columns of rebel burghers, each about twenty

thousand strong, which were marching from the east and north on the capital.

The next morning the rebel scouts saw every point of vantage commanding the only two practicable entrances to the Cape Peninsula held in force, and every way of approach commanded by artillery.

The Boers, though they had the advantage of numbers and perfect knowledge of the country, were comparatively weak in artillery, as they only had such guns and ammunition as they had been able to take from the defeated Loyalist garrisons in the interior.



Their glasses showed them thousands of advancing forms.

The attack on both positions began almost at the same time—about an hour after daybreak—but a very brief experience convinced the rebels not only that they were utterly overmatched in the way of

artillery, but that the men who were pitted against them were very different shots to the unfortunate regulars whom they had brought down like deer at Amajuba and Lang's Nek.

Every bullet was fired with deliberate aim and purpose, and most of them found their billets, while not a man showed himself unnecessarily. In the accuracy of their shell and machine-gun fire, too, the Loyalists were vastly superior to them. The moment that any considerable body of them showed themselves within range, the shells from the nine and twelve-pounders began bursting in the midst of them, and after a very one-sided artillery duel of about an hour's duration, they abandoned all pretence at formation and fell back on their old methods of fighting, splitting up into small squads and groups, and taking such cover as the nature of the ground permitted.

In a few minutes nearly every man of the two great columns had disappeared, and then, dodging from stone to stone, and tree to tree, they kept up an irregular but incessant rifle fire on the Loyalist's positions, gradually working in closer and closer round.

Sir Charles Warren, who was commanding the Northern force, and General Goodenough, who was commanding that of the South, in accordance with their pre-arranged plans, now gave the order to cease firing and, not a little to the surprise of their men, ordered them to keep their cover and reserve their fire until they were absolutely certain of hitting.

The sudden cessation of the fusillade puzzled the Boers not a little. There was absolutely nothing but stones and trees for them to shoot at, and, as their supply of ammunition was limited, in comparison with the now practically inexhaustible supplies of the Loyalists, they had no mind to waste their bullets on these.

Then suddenly, while they were wondering how the fight was to be carried on without shooting, three captive balloons rose from the Loyalist positions which commanded the entrance to the Hex River Pass, and ascended to a height of about a thousand feet. These were on the slopes of the western end of the mountains where the railway curves round between them and the river.

The Boers had occupied Triangle Station, and had taken cover along the slopes on both sides of the railway; but so perfectly were they concealed that a casual observer would

never have dreamt that an army of twenty thousand men was facing another of fifteen thousand within an area of two or three square miles.

But to the occupants of the balloon cars the spectacle was very different. All along the rugged mountain sides,



The air seemed full of splinters of shells and flying fragments of rock.

and in the little gardens and orchards along the course of the river, their glasses showed them thousands of crouching, stealthy - advancing forms. The Boers had heard by this time of the strange and, as they honestly considered, unfair mode of fighting which had been employed by the Loyalists with such terrible effect in the North. They had heard how rockets and kites had been somehow employed to rain dynamite and melinite down upon them from the sky, and how by these unholy means all the advantages which they had attained from their favourite mode of fighting had not only been destroyed but actually turned against them; and now they felt an instinctive apprehension that they were going to be taught one more lesson in the new warfare which these accursed *rooineks* with their devilish inventions were bringing to bear upon them.

They looked up at the little black specks in the sky as though they were evil demons of some sort about to launch some strange and unknown form of destruction upon them. Hundreds of them, acting under the same impulse, took, as they thought, most careful aim at them and fired. But of the thousands of bullets that went whistling up into the air not one touched the balloons, and this again was looked upon by the ignorant peasants as a sort of enchantment.

They could use their thumbs and fore-fingers as back-sights for their rifles and judge the distance of a man or a running buck to a foot, but there was no background to the balloons, and the range might have been anything from five to fifteen hundred yards for all they knew. Another thing they did not know was that if a score of the small-calibre bullets were to pierce the gas-envelope of a balloon it would scarcely make any difference, since the expansive force of the gas would close the rents as soon as they were made.

When the three balloons came to a standstill they were so stationed that they represented the three points of a triangle, each being from a mile to two thousand yards from the other. Presently the Boers saw brilliant sparks of white light shine out from each balloon, making it instantly invisible. For a few seconds these kept on alternately flashing and going out. Then they became permanent, and in a few seconds more a bright patch of light fell over a krantz, or natural rock-wall, on the side of one of the mountains, behind which between three and four hundred Boers were lying with their rifles at the ready waiting for a chance to shoot.

Almost the same instant puffs of grey-blue smoke rose from all the Loyalist positions, and a storm of shells from five-and-twenty field-pieces—seven, nine, and two pounders—began to rain upon the krantz. Then the rebels learnt to their cost that they would have to adopt some

other mode of fighting or submit to utter and inevitable defeat.

The natural fortifications with which so much of South Africa is covered are almost impregnable either to rifle-fire or storming by the charge.

It had been proved over and over again from Ingogo to Doornkop that to make a charge upon them when held by such marksmen as the Boers undoubtedly are simply meant annihilation or retreat.

But under shell-fire, especially when, as was the case in the Hex River Pass, directed from a superior elevation, or, as had been shown in the North, when exposed to overhead attack, these natural fortifications are nothing more nor less than death-traps.

The exploding shells break up the rocks, and every fragment of stone becomes, as it were, a piece of the shell itself.

This the Boers behind the krantz recognised before the bombardment had lasted a couple of minutes. The air about them seemed full of splinters of shells and flying fragments of rock.

Scores of them fell, fearfully mangled, at the first discharges; the rest took no thought as to the order of their going. They simply went as fast as their legs could carry or panic could drive them. But no sooner did they break cover than the shell fire stopped, and a hurricane of rifle and machine-gun bullets was poured upon them as they ran.

Meanwhile, two other patches of light had fallen from the balloons, one on an orchard down by the river, and the other on a rocky spur of a hill to the extreme right of the Loyalist position. Instantly the murderous shell fire broke out again, this time concentrated on the orchard, which in a few moments was a wilderness, blasted and shattered by the deadly melinite, and strewn with the mangled bodies of those who had taken cover in it.

And again, as the survivors fled, the bullet-storm burst upon them, and still those tell-tale patches of light kept wandering about the slopes of the hills and the borders of the river-course; and wherever they rested the shells came shrieking and crashing into the midst of them, rending trees to shreds or splitting up rocks and hurling their fragments into the air, to fall back upon those who had taken shelter behind them. So, one after another, the hiding-places of the Boers were pointed out from the balloons to the artillerists in the batteries, and one after another they were shelled and made untenable.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HARD HIT.

MEANWHILE exactly similar tactics had been employed against the Boer force that was attacking the Loyalist position at Caledon, which lies in a valley between the Hartbeest Mountains and one of their spurs. All of the heights had been more or less fortified during the preceding fortnight, and were now held by excellently served artillery. The consequence was that as soon as the balloon observation corps got to work, the effects were as astounding and disastrous to the rebel Boers as they were at the Hex River.

They were driven by the shell-fire from shelter after shelter, only to be exposed to the murderous storms of bullets which followed the cannonade.

While this was going on, a body of five thousand of the Australian Horse, under the guidance of a party of loyal Caledon burghers, had got round the mountain spur, and, so soon as the rebels had been driven from their shelter, and were retreating northward along the comparatively level ground, in order to fall back on Sw-llendam, which they had already occupied, troop after troop of horse swung out from behind the spur at a fast trot and then, breaking into a gallop, streamed across the wider end of the valley and caught the retreating Boers on flank and rear.

They halted for a minute or two to re-form, and, during these few minutes, the cannonade from the hills began again, accompanied by heavy rifle and machine-gun fire from the front, and three or four well directed volleys from the flanking party.

Then the cannonade ceased again, and the Australians remounted and rode towards the main body of the bewildered and demoralised Boers. The trot quickened to a canter as the ground got better, and the canter broke into a gallop, and before they had time to run for shelter, the five thousand horse, with bayonets fixed to their long rifles, came thundering down upon them.

Some threw themselves from their horses flat down on the ground, and began to shoot as rapidly as they could load and fire. But this did not last long. The Australian Brigade came on so fast that, before the Boers had time to fire half-a-dozen shots apiece, they were on them, riding over them as they lay, or striking them down with the swift-stabbing bayonets as they rose and tried to remount their horses. Then came panic and utter rout, and, while the confusion was at its worst, another brigade of horse, three thousand strong, which had been sent by the road over the eastern bend of the mountain, debouched rapidly on to the left flank of the Boers, and cut off their only remaining way of escape.

Hunted out of their shelters, outflanked and hemmed in between the horse and the batteries, the Boers still fought stubbornly for nearly an hour as men will fight with halters round their necks even when all hope of victory is gone.

The slaughter among them had been frightful. So fearful indeed that, of the twenty thousand men who had attacked Caledon soon after daylight, hardly twelve thousand unwounded men remained.

Meanwhile more troops, including four hundred of the Cape Mounted Rifles, five hundred of the Cape Town Highlanders, a detachment of the Hampshire Regiment, the Royal Canadians, and two thousand five hundred of the lately enrolled volunteers, had been moving rapidly up from the extended base at Somerset West, and as each fresh troop arrived on the scene of action the rebels' chances even of escape grew more and more hopeless.

At length, shortly after midday and after an engagement of nearly five hours, General Goodenough felt himself strong enough to order a general advance and to strike the decisive blow.

Then the bugle-calls sang out, and column after column of men descended from the hills round Caledon and streamed through the pretty, tree-shaded little village and advanced to the attack under cover of the fire of the batteries. Then the gun-fire stopped, and the Loyalist foot regiments formed up and charged with the bayonet, while the cavalry, hovering on the two flanks and rear of the rebels, waited till the bayonets had done their work, to go in and complete the rout.

For a few minutes there was a bitter, bloody struggle. The Boers, well knowing that they had no claim to the ordinary conditions of surrender, fought with a dogged resolution, worthy of a better cause and a better fate. But yard by yard the lines of bayonets advanced, and yard by yard they were driven back upon the squadrons of horse waiting for the moment when they should break and run.

Then suddenly on the left flank there came from about half a mile away the dreaded sound of machine-gun firing. A detachment of the Cape Artillery had brought two galloping Maxims round by the road, and had opened fire on a rebel column about four thousand strong, which had faced about and was fighting its way to the eastward, and along the Swellendam road.

In less than five minutes the column broke up under the fearful bullet-storm and scattered. Instantly the Maxims stopped, and the Australian brigade saw its chance and charged, but before it got within striking distance, panic, utter and irretrievable, had overwhelmed the rebels. The psychological moment of the battle had come, and the

Boers, as though at a given pre-arranged signal, flung down their rifles almost to a man and stood stolid and silent, waiting for the worst that might come to them. Here and there handkerchiefs were tied to rifle barrels and waved aloft in token of surrender.

Instantly the bugles pealed out the "Cease fire" all round the battlefield, and orderlies were sent out to find the Boer leaders with instructions to the effect that, as they were in the position, according to the laws of war, of rebels in revolt against lawful authority and not of recognised belligerents, the only alternative that the General could give them was unconditional surrender or a continuation of the battle to the point of annihilation.

The field-cornets in command of the five commandoes which made up the rebel force saw that, hard as the terms were, there were no better to be expected. They had taken up arms against the lawful government of their country, and by the law of nations their very lives were forfeit. The idea of continuing the fight was out of the question. They knew their men too well to entertain it for a moment, and so they gave up their rifles and revolvers to the orderlies and were taken into Caledon to the Alexandra Hotel, where General Goodenough had established his headquarters.

The interview was brief and anything but satisfactory. The General would make no terms whatever. All that he would promise was a fair trial by martial law at Cape Town, whither they would be immediately taken and lodged in the Castle. The rank and file, after giving up their arms, ammunition, and horses, would be permitted to return to their homes; but any of them afterwards found with arms in their hands would be hanged or shot as soon as caught.

All expostulations were cut short by a curt order to



They were set to work to dig trenches.

the guard, which immediately closed round the prisoners and marched them off, surrounded by a hedge of bayonets.

The remains of the rebel army were then formed up on the battlefield into troops and their rifles and bandoliers taken from them, after which they were sternly cautioned that immediate death would be the fate of any of them who were caught either under arms again or in the commission of any act of violence.

Then, not a little to their disgust, they were set to work to dig trenches for the burial of the dead; their unwounded horses were driven into Caledon, and those unfit for further service shot and buried.

(To be continued.)

SHORT STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

We devote, every week, two pages of *Short Stories* to pithy, humorous anecdotes similar to those which appear in these columns. A prize of £1 is. will be sent to the reader who submits the best storyette this week, and a copy of "Lady Jezebel," by Fergus Hume, to each of those whose attempts are used. The anecdotes may be either original or selected; in the latter case the source *must* be stated. The prize of One Guinea offered for the best Storyette in this competition has been won this week by Mr. W. Lavers, of 31 Asylum Road, Peckham. Attempts for this week's prize must deal with FUNNY STORIES OF THE WAR, and must reach the Storyette Editor, *Short Stories* Office, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., by Monday, May 28th. Post-cards only, please.

Bad Luck to the Boers.

AN officer who has just returned with the sick from South Africa was staying at the Hotel Cecil. Wishing to catch a train, he called for a cab and was quickly driven to Waterloo Station. Jumping out he handed the driver a shilling, the exact fare.

Evidently the cabby was not satisfied, for he held the coin in his hand, looked hard at it, and muttered something savagely to himself.

The officer turned round and demanded to know what he said.

"Bad luck to the Boers!" exclaimed the cabby.

"What have the Boers to do with you?" queried the officer.

"A good deal," replied the witty cabman, "for they have killed all the two-shilling officers, and there are only the shilling ones left now!"

W. L.

What did the Minister Think?

A PARISH minister, when visiting his congregation, felt tired and hungry, and called upon an old maiden lady from whom he felt sure he could ask a cup of tea.

After making his request known he was taking a seat, when he observed three cats lapping milk under the table, and exclaimed:

"Miss Morris, are all these your cats?"

"My cats?" exclaimed the old lady, "na, faith na, only ane o' them; but I think a' the hungry brutes o' the parish come to me when they want anything to ate."

W. F.

Nippers Wanted.

"It says in this 'ere paper," remarked a patriotic collier to his wife, "that every volunteer that goes out to the front ought to be provided wi' a pair o' nippers for use. Now, that's wot I would call a clinkin' idea on the pairt o' somebody, Sal."

"Oh, is it?" cried Sal, looking up at him with an ominous glint in her eyes. "And what on earth do they want the nippers for, I should like to know?"

"Why, to help 'em into the trenches, lass. Them theer Boers cover everythink wi' barbed wire, an it ain't easy to climb o'er that stuff when ye've a gun in yer hands."

And the collier smiled at his superior knowledge.

"Happen not," snorted Sal, "but if ahr men can't clear a way through 't wi'out shovin' poor innocent bairns through first they ought to stop at whoam. They shan't take my Billy wi' em anyhow."

M. H.

An Aid to Memory.

JOHN, who was being constantly reproved for his forgetfulness, and who has just been severely reprimanded, looked up in his mother's face, and with a curious smile, as quite a new idea seemed to strike him, said:

"Mother, I know what I'll do; I'll eat some forget-me-not seeds, and then I'll remember."

E. L.

How to get Cigars for Nothing.

A YOUNG and energetic medical student, who is also a member of the Society for the Suppression of Tobacco Abuse, received orders to lecture in a small town of the provinces.

He gave a most horrible description of the many dreadful diseases that owed their origin to the abuse of the poisonous leaf. Nothing was omitted that could affect his audience.

After the peroration the poor provincials, quite stupefied, and in an agony of fear, at once gave up their stock of tobacco and cigars.

When the medico describes the scene, he quietly adds:

"I will never forget that triumph. I smoked for three months on the strength of it—without cost."

W. H.

His Free Confession.

THE following story, which hails from a North-country town, shows there are widely varying ideas as to what constitutes voluntary testimony on any subject.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the school-house?" asked the magistrate, addressing the determined-looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" queried his worship.

"Well, first I gave him a good hiding," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper, and took his clothes away, and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."

A. M.

He Didn't "Tumble."

THE latest society craze for having the eye photographed by itself has penetrated to a provincial town, and has already caused a serious rupture between two loving sweethearts.

The girl, confident that her devoted Will would recognise her sweet blue orb at sight, sent him a photograph of it, and playfully wrote the following remarks on the back:

"Dear Will, I am anxious to have your candid opinion of a girl friend's character, and send herewith a photo of her eye. What do you think of it? Is it not a bold, bad, wicked eye; the eye of a naughty little flirt; the eye of a girl whom no one but a silly boy would dream of marrying?"

Next morning, while the dear girl was embroidering a tobacco-pouch with Will's initials his answer came to hand in an orange-coloured envelope:

"It is all that and more. Find a fresh chum.—
WILL."

The engagement is "off" now.

R. A. H. G.

She Wanted Something New.

"GEORGE," she whispered, as she crept a little closer and placed her right auricular against his left-hand, second-storey vest pocket, "George, I want to ask you a question—a very important one: Why do you allude to papa as a pirate? Surely you must have some good reason for doing so."

"I have, indeed," responded George, with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes; "pirates board people, you know, and I expect your father, if my plans work all right, to eventually board me."

"Oh, how clever you are, George! Do you know, I was awfully afraid you were going to get off that ancient chestnut about his being such an old freebooter; and I'm so glad you didn't, because all the fellows I've had have said that, and I was longing for something new."

And with a contented little sigh she inserted her north-west ear deeper than ever in George's upper left-hand vest pocket, and settled down for the evening.

W. T. Y.

Solomon Up to Date.

READERS of the "Arabian Nights" are familiar with the manner in which the Cadi dispensed justice with more regard to equity than to law, and it seems that instances of the same kind are of modern occurrence.

For example, not long ago a Turk, while repairing a roof, fell into the street upon a wealthy old man, who was killed, without any serious damage to the workman.

The son of the deceased caused the workman to be arrested, and taken before the Cadi, with whom he used all his influence to have the poor man condemned; and though the innocence of the labourer was clearly established, nothing could pacify the son but the law of retaliation. The Cadi stroked his beard, and then gravely decreed that the workman should be placed exactly upon the spot where the old man had stood.

"Now," said he to the son, "you will go on the roof of the house, fall down upon this man, and kill him if you can."

Of course, the son declined to do anything of the sort, and the case was dismissed.

E. D. S.

Where He Erred.

IN a northern town there is a wealthy man who gives freely to certain religious objects, but in other respects is a miser. He lives alone in a tumble-down house, and is seldom seen outside it. When he does go out, his garments give him very much the appearance of a tramp.

One day two friends of his youth met him in the town, and began to chaff him about his clothes.

"Your father," said one of them, "would never have worn a coat like that."

"That's just where you are wrong," was the answer; "it happens to have been my father's."

F. B.

Not Impressed.

IN St. Paul's Cathedral a guide was showing an American gentleman round the tombs.

"That sir," said the man proudly, "is the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Inside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and inside of that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing two tons, and inside of all is a mahogany coffin, holding the remains of the great hero."

He paused, evidently expecting his hearer to be greatly impressed, but he was disappointed.

"Well," said the American, after thinking awhile. "I guess you've got him fast. If he ever gets out of that, cable at my expense."

G. B.

A Well-Chosen Illustration.

A BISHOP was explaining to a young curate that the whole parish was scandalized at his extravagant luxury, his extraordinary habits, and his horses. He added:

"Why do you drive your horses in tandem fashion?"

"But," answered the curate, "you also have two horses harnessed to your carriage. They are not the one before the other, it is true, but what difference can the position make?"

"It makes a very great difference," rejoined the bishop. "If I put my hands together before my face, it is an act of devotion and of reverence; but, if I put them before my face the one in front of the other, and if I spread them out, it is quite the reverse."

H. G. R.

Proved.

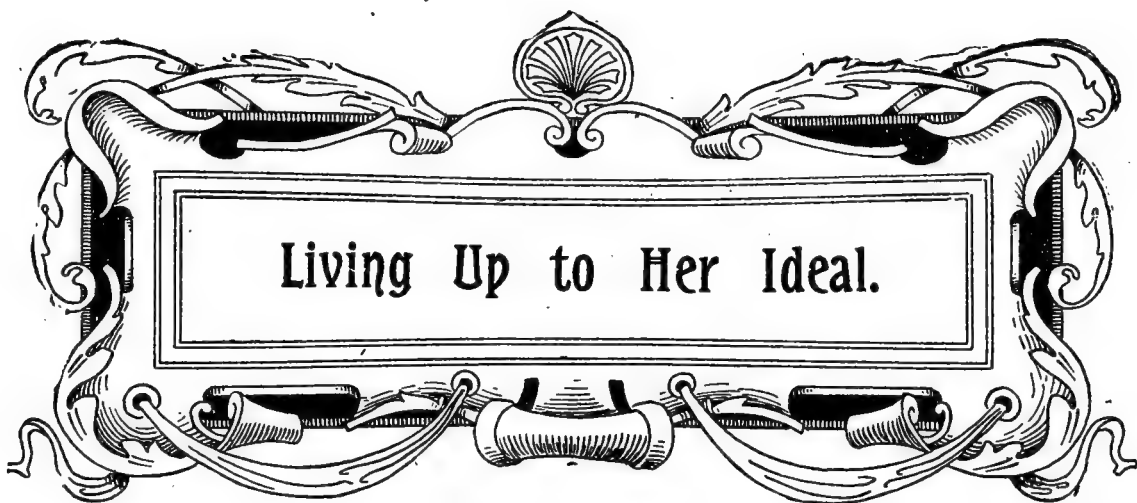
"You may say what you please about expensive clocks," said the funny man, "but it's a fact that I have got a cheap clock at home which I bought twenty years ago, placed on the mantleshef, wound and set right, and from that day to this it has never varied so much as one minute."

"Indeed!" "Wonderful!" "Amazing!" came from the auditors of this remarkable statement.

"Do you really mean to say," asked one of them, "that the clock has never varied a minute all these years?"

"Not a minute," returned the funny man. "The fact is I broke the mainspring in winding it, and it's never even ticked once since."

I. W. L.



ANNIE LUXMORE was a young lady of advanced views on the subject of feminine ability; her ideals were lofty, her education was of a high grade, her accomplishments many, her figure well formed, and her face pretty. That was a terse description of her by one of her acquaintances, and it was accurate and sufficient for most people, but for our purpose a little more explanation is necessary.

She was an only child. Her father had died when she was twelve, leaving a small income settled on his wife; his daughter had inherited his views on educational matters and his ideals, as well as his determination, and the result was that she set to work to complete her own education, with the small means at her command, after his death.

Although barely twenty-two, she had gained a B. A. degree at London University; she could paint and write, and was already gaining a name in the great Metropolis. She was regarded as a coming woman in literature and science; those who did not know her, pictured her as the worst of blue stockings, but as a matter of fact, she was domesticated and capable of the warmest affections.

Two years previous to the opening of this story the circumstances of the Luxmores had been rendered more easy by an addition to their family circles in the person of Miss Bertha Drew, a niece of Mrs. Luxmore. Her father, who had made a lot of money by fortunate speculation in mines, died rather suddenly; and Bertha, having now lost both her parents, went to reside with her aunt.

Her income was considerable and she was good natured; hence, she took it upon herself to make the modest residence of the Luxmores a little more pretentious and she defrayed the cost of many necessities—the Luxmores would have called them luxuries—and outings or receptions out of her own pocket. She did this in such an unassuming fashion that even the acute susceptibilities of her cousin Annie were not wounded.

Annie Luxmore sat in an easy chair in her own room with a book lying in her lap, her hands resting on the arms of the chair, and a far away look in her eyes. She had been reading an essay on the beauty and nobility of self sacrifice, and she felt unusually stirred. Such an essay appealed very strongly to a young woman of such elevated ideals; it was her desire to lead a life that should stand out from others as an example of nobleness of living, an example of a human being ever ready to

stand aside at any cost to herself in order to benefit others. Her education had not robbed her entirely of romance; she longed to be a heroine and in various ways had tried to be one. But the real opportunity had never come to her; when she had been gratified by the thought that a chance had really come, it had turned out to be no chance at all from her point of view. The little services which these opportunities had enabled her to render were too unimportant to qualify her as a heroine, although they increased her reputation as a thoroughly good hearted woman among her friends and acquaintances. When would she have the longed-for opportunity for self-sacrifice?

Her reverie was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, and in answer to her invitation to enter, Bertha Drew came into the room. She seated herself in a chair close to her cousin and remained silent.

"What is it, Bertha?" inquired Annie with a faint smile.

It was not often that Bertha remained as quiet as now, and Annie wondered with some amusement what had occurred to upset her cousin's usual high spirits.

"I hardly know how to explain, Annie," replied Bertha after a pause and with some show of restraint.

"What have you been reading?" she inquired suddenly, having observed the book lying on her cousin's lap.

"An essay on 'Self-Sacrifice' the beauty and nobility of it," was the answer. Her thoughts now turned back into the former channel, Annie's face became grave again.

"That's it!" Bertha's face lighted up with satisfaction, like that of one who sees a way out of a difficulty. "You are a believer in that—and I have come to ask it of you."

She spoke quickly, the colour mounting to her cheeks. Annie sat up in her chair and looked at her intently.

"Tell me exactly what you mean," demanded the B. A. in her quick, decided manner.

"I will."

Bertha spoke in the same hurried way; at first she avoided her cousin's gaze, but as she went on she turned her eyes direct to Annie and her tone became one of intreaty.

"For six months Sidney Harrison, our cousin, has been paying visits here. His object, we cannot doubt it, is to win one of us. Until lately I have been unable to decide in my own mind which one it is; now I feel sure that it is you.

"Annie, I love Sydney with all the strength of my being. I do not know exactly your feelings towards him, but they cannot be stronger than mine. I see the prospect of losing that which alone will make life worth living for me; my money is as nothing compared with the possession of Sidney Harrison. Money brings but the false friendship of others, the pleasures that are like Dead Sea fruit. I have no ability, nothing else that will make life pleasant—as you have. Annie, do not take him from me! Be generous and make the sacrifice I ask—give up Sidney Harrison to me?"

There was a passionate ring in the appeal that told of the depth of feeling which was its motive, and Annie could not fail to be struck by it. Her cousin's countenance was quite transformed.

But the response to the appeal did not come at once; now that the longed-for opportunity for self-sacrifice had presented itself, Annie hesitated. It was hard, so hard, after all, to make a reply to the call! It had never seemed to her that it would be so difficult to become a heroine! She was asked to give up the man she loved—how was it possible?

"Is it fair to ask me to do that?" demanded Annie in a strained voice. "We are not all endowed in the same way; some have riches, others have ability, talent—call it what you will. Life has been easy for you; it has been a great struggle for me for years. With your wealth life in the future is one of pleasure and freedom from anxiety; if I have ability—as some say—yet I have to struggle for existence, for when my dear mother dies, her income ceases and I have to get my own living. My very talent will spoil my chances of marriage. Is it fair to ask this sacrifice of me; is not love as much to me as to you?"

Bertha was nonplussed for a moment. Then she continued:

"I am not discussing the question of fairness; I am appealing to your generosity, I am asking you to make a sacrifice—to perform an act which you have always lauded. Your future can cause you no real anxiety; you are too clever not to succeed. You have a grand future before you; I have nothing."

Again there was silence, but the expression on Annie's face made it clear to Bertha that she had struck the right note in appealing to the other's generosity and her idea of standing aside for the benefit of others. She pushed her appeal a little farther, feeling more confident of success.

"Sidney is clever, but he lacks the means that are absolutely necessary if he would advance in his profession. I can give him that which he must have. Not that he will sell himself for money, far from it. You can with one stroke live up to your ideal and help the man you love to fame and fortune."

"But—suppose Sidney—does not love you?" Annie asked in jerky tones.

"If he does not propose to me, then your are at liberty, you are free from your promise. But if you were out of the way, I am confident that I should win him."

A long silence followed. Annie buried her face in her hands, and Bertha watched her with intense anxiety. At last the inward struggle was over. Annie removed her hands, arose from her seat and said calmly:

"Be it so. I will take up the holiday appointment which was offered to me yesterday, and will go away for three months. If in that time matters are not consummated, I—my—"

Three months later, when Annie Luxmore returned, matters were consummated; the marriage of Sidney Harrison with Bertha Drew was announced and the ceremony fixed to take place within one month.

Everyone said that Mr. and Mrs. Harrison had made a success of marriage; the lady certainly showed that she was devotedly attached to her husband; in fact, some people said that she showed this a little too much, but Annie Luxmore and her mother were of opinion that it was the other way about and that Mr. Harrison's affection for his wife was rather too demonstrative.

It was certainly the fact that when his cousin was staying with them—which happened at frequent intervals—Sidney seemed to delight in proving to Annie that he was very deeply in love with the woman whom he had married. Annie and he had much in common and many pleasant hours were spent by them in discussing problems of a nature that had not much interest for Bertha. The last named gave no indication that she either disliked these conversations between her husband and her cousin or that she was in any way jealous.

Sidney had proved himself so attached to her that she felt that there was no cause for uneasiness in view of former circumstances.

Annie became more and more convinced as the time went by that she had done the right thing by responding to Bertha's appeal; it was a mistake, she believed, to suppose that Sidney had cared for her more than for Bertha. He never missed an opportunity of indicating to Annie how deeply he loved his wife. It cost her a pang to admit it, but it seemed clear now that she had not won his affection at all.

Five years went past. Harrison was rising rapidly thanks to his wife's fortune; Annie Luxmore was also making headway and was still unmarried.

It was early in September, and the three cousins were enjoying a holiday together in the Alpine district; Annie had been invited to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and her mother having urged her to accept the invitation, she decided to go with them.

It was by no means their first experience of mountain climbing, and the stay had been a most enjoyable one; they were to return to England at the end of another three days, and as a concluding expedition—a d probably fired with the prevailing desire to make a record of some kind—they had decided to make an ascent by themselves, without the assistance of guides.

In Alpine climbing it is the unexpected that happens. There was no evidence of any danger and the three climbers—tied together, with Sidney in the centre—were elated with the ease with which they accomplished their task, when Bertha, who was taking the lead, slipped.

There was a cry, a rattle of stones and the rustle of garments as the three fell and slid down the incline towards a precipice. Sidney and Annie retained enough self-possession to make clutches at objects which they passed, but their efforts were unavailing. They gave themselves up for lost and Sidney was breathing a prayer on behalf of his two children when he felt himself caught by something which he clasped with the frantic despair of a man face to face with death.

His fall had been arrested by a projecting and slightly raised point of rock on the very edge of the precipice, and he found himself held tightly against this piece of rock by the weight of the two women who were now suspended in the air, one on each side of the point, by the rope which was attached to the waists of all three. He was lying face downwards, looking into the face of Annie, his wife being invisible to him.

"Safe!" cried Annie. "If you can pull me up two or three feet, Sidney, I can grip the rock and pull myself up beside you. I have not forgotten my gymnastic exercises. Then we can pull up Bertha, who has fainted." She spoke almost cheerfully, as though assured that she had escaped a terrible fate.

"I can't!" gasped Sydney. "The weight of you two is pinning me tight and I am unable to move. I can only hold on. If there had been only one of you, I might have managed it, but—"

He was never a very strong man, having been studious rather than athletic. Annie knew this and recognised the truth of his words; her face fell.

"I'll try and pull myself up, hand over hand," she said.

She began her effort, but a cry from Sidney made her stop. Her movement was dragging him to the edge of the projection and pulling him over one side. It needed no second glance to assure her that the only chance of safety was for Sydney to reach higher ground; this he might most—probably would—be able to do if the weight were decreased, but with the burden of both women it was impossible for him to help himself and an oscillation had the effect just described.

Unless help came, one of the suspended women must give way in order to save the other members of the party; help was not to be expected, and the chance of safety for two would be gone unless the burden was lightened.

"Then one of us women must make a sacrifice just as it happened five years ago," said Annie with calm resignation.

"What sacrifice?" inquired Sidney, aroused by the tone and the words.

"It looks like death for Bertha or me, so why should I not speak out? Five years ago Bertha asked me to give you up to her. I loved you, but she appealed to my noblest instincts, to my belief in my ideals of generosity and self-sacrifice. I went away and left the field clear for her. I am glad, for I made you both happy. It is now again my duty to give way, is it not?"

There was a mixture of resignation and rebellion in her tone; she felt that it was her duty, yet how cruel it was!

"Why did I not know this?" Sidney's tone was almost fierce in his anger. "Was it fair to me to do that? Did you not think that I was to be considered? You thought only of yourself, only of your ideals, and you left me, left the one who loved you better than any woman on earth!"

"But you were far happier with her!" gasped Annie. "You always told me how happy you were."

"That was to deceive you. I thought you had treated me lightly and I married Bertha. Was it likely that I should allow you to think that I cared for you when I thought that you had behaved so coolly to me? Oh, why did you do this thing!"

"It is your turn to choose now," said Annie. In the revulsion of feeling caused by this revelation, and the excitement of the position, she scarcely knew what she was asking of him. "Which shall it be to give way? Shall I cut the rope and leave you to save Bertha, or will you cut the rope on the other side?"

"It is not fair to ask me to choose," cried Sidney wildly. "She is my wife, the mother of my children; I have learnt to love her during these five years. Oh, heaven! How can I make the choice. I love you—have always loved you; but I love her—she is my wife."

"Choose!" The word came in a hard tone.

"I cannot!"

"You love her," said Annie. "Then it is for me to repeat the act of five years ago."

He saw her, as in a dream, take her axe from her belt, raise it with calm determination and strike at the rope. He gripped the rock with all his might; he felt his burden suddenly become lighter, and he knew that Annie had kept her word.

The newspapers were full of the dreadful Alpine accident, and the miraculous escape of two of the climbers owing to the rope having given way with one of the party, whose body was afterwards found in the valley beneath. They described the efforts made by the man to drag himself and his senseless burden to a higher level, a task which he successfully accomplished after immense trouble and agonising labour.

A day later, the newspapers contained further thrilling details of the accident from the lips of Mr. Sidney Harrison, from which it appeared that the safety of himself and his wife was due to the heroism of the third member of the little party—that the rope had not given way but had been deliberately cut.

G. DAY.



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Eczema affecting children is frequently caused by the use of strong soaps, and by wearing underclothing from which the soap or soda has been imperfectly removed. Fevers, teething, and a diet containing too much sugar are also said to be frequent causes.

Mr. Richard Bell, of 13 Spring Gardens, Hawthorn Avenue, Hull, writes: "Some seven weeks ago two of my children were attacked with infantile eczema. I was recommended to write for a sample of your 'Antexema,' which was quickly sent. I purchased a further supply, and in less than a fortnight my children were quite cured of the eczema."

CHILBLAINS.

A chilblain is a form of eczema produced by cold winds or hot fires acting upon a skin in which the circulation is bad. The parts affected are red, swollen, and the burning or itching is intolerable. Broken chilblains are a severe form of the complaint.

Mr. F. A. Barlow, of West End Pier, Morecambe, Lancs., writes: "I was suffering from a terrible chilblain on the bridge of my nose, the agony of which was intense. I immediately applied some of the 'Antexema' to the chilblain receiving instant relief, and upon the second application (one day afterward) the chilblain entirely disappeared. My delight is only equalled by my feelings of gratitude to you for your wonderful preparation."

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

"Antexema" has been before the public since 1884, and now ranks as the Standard British Skin Remedy. The constant stream of letters from satisfied purchasers, and the steady increase in the sales, are ample proof of the success of the treatment. In addition to this, we want all sufferers to test it for themselves, free of charge. All that is necessary is to write to the Antexema Co., naming this paper, and enclosing one stamp for postage, and receive same, together with a copy of the booklet "Skin Troubles," by return of post.

USE "ANTEXEMA."

"Antexema" is sold in bottles by Chemists and Stores at 1s. and 2s. 6d., or post free for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. from the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

The Coat Tail Pocket.

MR. WITHERS' recent experience of the incompatibility of the coat-tail pocket and glass bottles was very painful and embarrassing. He had returned home after a brief visit to London, and had brought with him as a present for Miss Wilson—to whom he was betrothed—a bottle of that remarkable cement which is sold by pavement merchants, and which is by them represented as being much stronger than wrought iron.

It had occurred to him that this cement would be a very nice thing to have in his future house, since, with it, all sorts of broken china and glass could be mended. On the evening of his arrival home, he put the cement-bottle in his coat-tail pocket, and called on Miss Wilson, intending to offer it to her as soon as he entered the house.

Mr. Withers was ardently attached to the young lady, and when he saw her before him, he not unnaturally forgot all about such merely earthly matters as cement.

The old people welcomed him politely, and, after a few moments of conversation, withdrew with a discretion which it is to be wished that all old people would emulate. Being of a frugal mind, Mr. Withers promptly lowered the gas, and proceeded to make himself at home.

The bottle was a stout one, and would perhaps have withstood any ordinary pressure, but as Miss Wilson weighed fully one hundred and forty pounds, and as the back of the small rocking-chair was of hard wood, it is not strange that the bottle yielded.

Mr. Withers was so much interested in the weather and other subjects, such as usually absorb the attention of young men in his position, that he did not notice the breaking of the glass, and it was not until an hour later that a false alarm of father in the front hall induced Miss Wilson to hie quickly to the sofa, and suggested to Mr. Withers the advisability of turning up the gas.

The cement had done its work, and Mr. Withers did not get up to attend to the light, but requested the young lady to discharge this duty for him. She did so, and then noticed his pained and preoccupied expression.

To her anxious inquiries he admitted that he felt a little faint and would like a glass of water. Miss Wilson hurriedly went for the water, reproaching herself for being so heavy, and accusing herself of selfishness and want of consideration.

In her absence, the young man made superhuman efforts to wrench himself loose, but the cement refused to yield. When Miss Wilson returned with the glass of water, he looked so much worse that she was really frightened, and he was compelled to tell her the real state of the case.

She was a practical person, and timidly suggested that if she were to call pa, "perhaps pa might be able to free you;" but Mr. Withers said no; he could not bear the mortification of being found in such a situation by any father. It was finally agreed that he should wait until a late hour, and should take the chair home with him.

This was accordingly done, and had not the unfortunate young man been arrested by a local constable, who only discharged him, when a severe test proved that his possession of the chair was purely involuntary, his misfortune might never have become generally known.

When disasters such as this are liable to happen to the wearers of coat-tail pockets, it becomes doubtful whether they are not altogether too hazardous for for general use. In fact, good authorities maintain that the coat-tail pocket is positively detrimental, and that an earnest and united effort should be made to secure its extirpation.

W. K.

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A GREAT WEEK'S RECORD.

NEWSPAPER READERS

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The EDITOR of the "DAILY EXPRESS" confesses to a perhaps pardonable pride in the fact that his columns were selected by these August Personages as the medium through which to convey messages and tidings, proving their friendship for this Country and their sympathy with Her. No communications of equal international importance have ever appeared in a British newspaper.

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(Telegrams on this subject in one issue from "Express" correspondents in Bombay, Cairo, Aden, Teheran, Singapore, Hongkong, Sydney, Noumea, Brisbane, Perth, Auckland, Mauritius, Buenos Ayres, and San Francisco.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN-AUSTRIAN AGREEMENT AS TO ASIA, AFRICA, AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ABYSSINIA AND THE SOUDAN TREATMENT BY THE MAD MULLAH.

From this it would seem that for an up-to-date knowledge of the world's doings the only thing essential is to spend
ONE HA'PENNY A DAY on the

Daily



Express

Aside from the news, the contents of the "DAILY EXPRESS" are more varied, and, if we may say so, more interesting than those of any other paper. This is the opinion of

THIRTEEN THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVEN

readers who have been sufficiently well impressed by the paper to take the trouble to wire or write and send it their congratulations.

Excluding the phenomenal sale of its first number, the average daily circulation of the
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The leading papers of the United States, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy have professed themselves "amazed at the enterprise of the 'DAILY EXPRESS,' which, in the course of an existence of a few days, twice electrified the world with interviews with monarchs, full of the highest political and international significance."

THE BRAIN GYMNASIUM

In these competitions a prize of £2 will be awarded each week to the competitor whose attempt we receive giving the correct solutions of all the puzzles. If more than one is absolutely correct the prize of £2 will be given to the first correct attempt dealt with.

If no lists of absolutely correct solutions are sent in the first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is first dealt with showing the fewest mistakes.

Each week we shall award in addition to the above, either ten of our silver plated pencil-cases or ten popular six shilling novels to be distributed amongst the competitors whose attempts are absolutely correct and have failed to win the first prize, or, if no complete lists of correct solutions are received, to those whose attempts show the fewest mistakes.

Write all your solutions on one sheet of paper, putting the number against each. Post the batch in an envelope marked "Brain Gymnasium," to reach the Editor, **SHORT STORIES**, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., by first post on Monday, June 4th, 1900.

No. 124.

WHAT is the difference between six dozen dozen and half-a-dozen dozen?

No. 125.

FORM three words of the same length from the following letters and place them so that, read vertically, five other words are given.

A A A E E E E G G L L L N S T.

No. 126.

A PARTY of seven students, with more wit than money, agreed with a restaurant keeper to pay him £20 per head so soon as they should have occupied all possible positions at the table, he undertaking to entertain them daily in the meantime with a dinner costing half-a-crown a head. How much did the host make or lose by the transaction?

No. 127.

FORM the name of an island with the first and third letters of the following:

A FOOD.
A WEIGHT.
AN ANIMAL.
A BAG.
A MEASURE OF LAND.

No. 128.

LLSSL, STRPSSHSSSLHW
HTB; - MSSLDNRFSSSLHW
H; H C MSSL, YNMSSL, WH

INSERT vowels between the above consonants so that by reading from the end to the beginning an old proverb will be given.

No. 129.

FROM each of the words given below, select two consecutive letters; arrange the pairs in order, place the letter "A" in front of them, and the name of a British possession in the Atlantic will be given.

SIGN-HAND-SCAR-LATE-BONE-THEN-LISP.

RESULT OF BRAIN GYMNASIUM.

Nos. 100 to 105.

THE prize of £2 has been awarded this week to Mr. B. Martin, of "Rhianna," Rock Avenue, New Brompton, whose solution was the first correct one dealt with.

Each of the following has been awarded a copy of "Keepers of the People," by Elgar Jephson:

Miss A. Scott, Ryde Lodge, St. Mildred's Road, Ramsgate.
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SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES.

Nos. 106 to 111.

- No. 106. The same letters form "double as long" and "also begun old."
No. 107. So appears Pears Soap.
No. 108. TIM - BUC - TOO.
No. 109. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."
No. 110. "The Siege of Corinth"; "Byron"; "Childe Harold."
No. 111. Fullstop.

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